

JUVENILE  
*INDISCRETIONS.*

A NOVEL.

---

VOL. I.

2

12614. cc

UNIVERSITY

LIBRARY

OF

VOL. I



J U V E N I L E  
*h*  
I N D I S C R E T I O N S.

---

A N O V E L.

*I N F I V E V O L U M E S.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ANNA, or the WELCH HEIRESS.

---

---

'Then sure no fault impartial Satire knows,  
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes,  
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs:  
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

ESSAY ON SATIRE.

---

VOL. I.

---

L O N D O N.

PRINTED FOR W. LANE, LEADENHALL STREET.

M D C C L X X V I.

JUVENILE  
INDISCRETIONS.  
A NOVEL.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.



LONDON: OF THE BELLON HARRIS.

Printed by SATON.

VOL. I.

LONDON.

Printed by SATON.

---

---

TO THE  
R E V I E W E R S.

GENTLEMEN,

**T**HE author of the following  
sheets begs leave to anticipate  
your just criticisms, by acknow-  
ledging the many errors in point of  
diction and grammatical propriety,

VOL. I.

A

with

with which Juvenile Indiscretions will be found to abound.

But, Gentlemen, those errors are female ones ; and if, as I trust, the general tenor of the story appears, as it was really meant, to blend instruction with amusement, for the benefit of the young novel readers of the age, I have no doubt but you will feel yourselves too much interested in its success to be very severe on defects, in which the heart hath no share, and that you will peruse this trifling history with as much candor as is consistent with the justice and

and impartiality of your own characters.

I have the Honour

To subscribe myself

Your humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.



[ 13 ]

and interest of your own

to the honor

To subscribe

Your humble servant

THE AUTHOR.

T O

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY.

---

S I R,

IN laying at your Royal Highness's  
feet the following production, I give  
it a nominal consequence no merit of  
its own could insure; and I avail

A 3

myself

myself of this opportunity to repeat those sentiments of respect and affection felt and expressed for your Royal Highness, by the most respectable characters in the profession, of which you are the pride and hope.

I flatter myself, Sir, that, without decking my hero in all the impossibilities of absolute perfection, I have rendered him worthy the protection of a man of honour; and though I have allowed some shades in his character, I hope, that his Juvenile Indiscretions will not entirely obscure the Integrity of his principles.

If

If your Royal Highness should condescend to amuse a vacant hour by perusing Juvenile Indiscretions, I shall at least have the honour of meeting your sentiments in my ideas of the rugged honesty and innate generosity of those rough beings you were born to command, and by whose intrepid, and loyal services it is the Britons universal hope, the son of an English King may live to add to the dearly-acquired glory of the British flag.

In real life, Sir, those youthful fallies, that come under the description  
of



of Juvenile Indiscretions, are so far from being considered as blemishes in the character of young men, that they are hailed by the wise and experienced, as sure omens of that vivacity and strength of genius which prompts the mind to heroic actions, and which carries it through the most arduous undertakings: and a voluntary recollection of those inadvertencies of our youth, which leaves a lesson of experience on the memory, free from the remorse no rank or station can separate from conscious guilt, is the first gradation



gradation to that secret self-acquittal, that perfection of the soul, alluded to by the moral philosopher, who recommended it to man, *to reverence himself*. To this precept of Pythagoras, permit me, Sir, to add the ardent wish of an humble individual, which comprises every earthly good, when she prays, that your Royal Highness may, on all occasions, retain the power to *reverence yourself*.

In the history of Henry Dellmore I have humbly endeavoured to point out those dangerous rocks, which, lying  
under

under a smiling surface, have too often wrecked the inexperienced mariner and, by adducing instances from real life, to hint, with great deference, to such young men, as your Royal Highness very well knows, the advantage of steering under an able pilot, till they have, in the maritime phrase, sea-room to exercise their own abilities, with honour to themselves, and satisfaction to those whom the dear ties of blood, or the still dearer ones of friendship, interests in their welfare. If I have failed in an attempt my heart  
approved,

approved, the intention, which I trust is laudable, will, I hope, atone for the demerits in my history; and as this address to your Royal Highness, is the pure result of real respect and loyal attachment to my Sovereign and his offspring, I humbly intreat its presumption may be forgot, in the zeal with which I beg leave to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your Royal Highness's

most loyally devoted,

and obedient humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

DEDICATION.

approved, the intention, which I want  
is valuable, with I hope, some  
the demands of my duty, and as this  
address to your Royal Highness is the  
good result of a long and arduous  
struggle to my country and his  
country, I humbly present it to  
your Majesty as a token of the  
with which I beg leave to subscribe

Your Royal Highness's  
most loyal devoted  
and affectionate humble servant

THE AUTHOR.



---

---

# *Juvenile Indiscretions.*

---

## CHAPTER I.

### *The Academy.*

WHEN the heart is at ease with its own feelings; when it is equally free from care or self-reproach, it is ever disposed to find pleasure in the whole face of the creation.

Thus Mr. Franklin, as he passed in his carriage along one of the public roads leading from the metropolis to a country village, found a source for admiration and approbation in many things and places which would have escaped a less satisfied observer among the rest,

That, said he, to his sister, who accompanied him, appears to be a very good house. It is delightfully situated.



## 2 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

It was a large brick mansion, with iron gates, a magnificent entrance, and though now its principal ornament was a semicircular board, on which was exhibited in gold letters, "THE ACADEMY," it bore testimony to the grandeur of its former inhabitants.

A school! observed Miss Franklin; every avenue to this great town is so crowded with seminaries of education, where, if you credit the pompous promises of the several proprietors, it is next to impossible for any of our youth to avoid being learned in the extreme; that when, in every station of life, I meet so many ignorant people of all ranks, I am tempted to wish a modern exertion of that spirit in my countrymen which actuated the Romans, at the period when they drove the illiterate schoolmasters out of the Commonwealth.

Without entering into their particular merits, replied Mr. Franklin, the placing children out of the smoke of the city must at least answer one good purpose; and I was thinking if we were to bestow a charity of that kind on poor David Morton, it might help

help his puny constitution, and enable him to get his living with comfort to himself and advantage to his mother.

Miss Franklin gave an assenting nod.

The school we have just passed is a situation that, by reason of its elevation, I should like for him.

And why not fix on it then?

With Mr. Franklin there lay but one objection, (supposing the master's qualifications to be such as answered his ideas of what a man should possess who undertook the education of youth), and that was, whether from the elegant appearance of the house it might not be setting the boy out on a higher plan than it was his intention to continue him; the price he did not think of; the spontaneous efforts of a generous disposition in Mr. Franklin were ever unalloyed by interested, or, as far as regarded himself, pecuniary motives.

We mean, said he, to assist and serve the son of our old and faithful servant, not to adopt him; we must therefore, for his sake, take care to draw the line between profuse-

#### 4 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

ness and benevolence; the least appearance of the former may wholly defeat the purposes of the latter, and consequently injure the boy, instead of doing him good. I fear this school is one where children of a superior rank are educated, the house is so very handsome.

Mr. Franklin was a man of understanding, some knowledge of the world, and well read; he was, nevertheless, extremely ignorant of many things that less experienced people are perfectly well acquainted with; he had, for instance, no suspicions that the most illiterate and worthless blockheads in the community could have the assurance to set themselves up for instructors of youth, and still less could he think it possible, without a single qualification but impudence, folly, and the eye-trap of a good house, and a handsome show-board of invitation, that such beings could succeed in so arduous, and, indeed, so sacred an undertaking.

Mr. Franklin was ignorant of this matter, but the reader is, or may be, better informed,

formed, that any of the sixpenny stages round town will set him down before a house of this description, where he may be convinced that the specious accommodations which lure the heart of the fond parent, or attentive guardian are as visionary as the accomplishments undertaken to be taught; they may find a great number of children crowded together in the out-buildings of some of those fine schools, where they eat, drink, and sleep, with as little pretensions to cleanliness and decency as are to be met with in some of our poor-houses, and with no more pleasure or advantage from the houses and gardens that attracted their friends, than the passers-by.

Mr. Franklin was a bachelor, the eldest of nineteen children, all of whom were dead, except the sister, his companion in this excursion, whom we will not venture to call old maid. His own education had been liberal, but putting a boy to a modern boarding school was new to him as well as to Miss Franklin.



6 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

We will inquire about this matter, said the lady, of Mrs. Napper; she must be acquainted with the particulars of so near a neighbour.

They were now drawing up to another handsome house, where a second black board, that was likewise dignified with gold letters, informed them it was

MRS. NAPPER'S

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Here they were shewn into a parlour, ornamented with various pieces of needle-work, drawings, musical-instruments, &c. &c. They were received by the governess herself, a little plain woman, with a dirty skin, matted locks, and deranged head-dress, accompanied by her daughter, a beauty at all points, in the extremity of the mode, and a pretty delicate girl of fourteen, Miss Clara Elton, to whom Mr. Franklin was guardian.

Previous to that gentleman's leaving London for the summer season, he called to see his young ward, and prevent her wishes;  
the



the coach was loaded with finery, and every kind of presents suitable to her age and the hilarity of her disposition; when those had been separately examined and admired, Miss Franklin reminded her brother of their intended inquiries respecting the school they had passed.

Mrs. Napper assured them Mr. Puffardo was a prodigious good sort of a man, mighty clever, and accomplished; that he had a vast number of scholars, and lastly, that his terms were very reasonable.

What his particular qualifications were, indeed Mrs. Napper could not tell, for the best of all possible reasons: She had never heard of them.

But though either above or below a single qualification himself, he kept ushers, and taught every thing; that is to say, he had sixty boys, and, with the assistance of sometimes two, and oftener one, of those ushers, he instructed them in

The Classics,

French,

Writing,

B 4

Arithmetic

Arithmetic,  
Algebra,  
Mathematics,  
Geography,  
Geometry,  
Trigonometry,  
Astronomy,  
And all logical sciences.

In short, the difficulty would be to say what might not be learnt at Mr. Puffardo's school: the list which Mrs. Napper presented Mr. Franklin, on one of his own cards, induced him to order the carriage there, and Clara Elton, at her earnest request, accompanied her guardian and Miss Franklin to

#### THE ACADEMY.

The servant rang at the front gate, but the key of that was mislaid, it not being customary to open it on common occasions; Mr. Franklin was therefore obliged to enter by a back way, through a large court or play-ground, where, as he passed, an object not only struck his eye, but arrested his  
attention

attention so much, that he suffered the ladies to pass on without him.

This was a tall, thin, overgrown lad, with dark uncombed hair, a face so begrimed with dirt, that it was not possible to distinguish his features; a coat with a sleeve and a half; a black waistcoat, pinned over; both were without buttons, and too big; an old leather pair of breeches; stockings of different colours, full of holes, and about his heels; his toes bare, out of his shoes, and a very ragged dirty shirt; he was jerking stones over the wall, and gave Mr. Franklin a very unfavourable idea, not only of himself, but the place where so deplorable an object dwelt.

Mr. Puffardo being apprized of the entrance of strangers, now appeared, and having glanced his eye at their elegant carriage, paid his compliments with a mixture of pomp and servility, observed by Miss Franklin, though her brother was too much engaged immediately to attend to it.

He led the way into a handsome parlour, where a side-window looked into the yard

through which they had passed; and Mr. Franklin had his curiosity again excited by the same ragged object.

Mr. Puffardo was, Mrs. Napper said, a prodigious clever man; he was, in truth, about as well qualified to superintend the education of youth as she herself was for the same office to young ladies.

His wife, on whom he had bestowed his delectable person for the sake of a trifling sum of money, saved by dint of the parsimony of a former husband, was what is vulgarly termed a hard-working woman, and acquitted herself very decently in every part of the house in that character; but as it very unfortunately happened, that Mr. Puffardo now thought proper to be very genteel; and, as the good woman's talents did not lay that way, her deficiency on one hand, and his capacity on the other, were often productive of jars, which loudly interrupted the harmony of the married state; but though Mrs. Puffardo was less in practice of the graces than was perfectly agreeable to her spouse, she had her grievances, and

Mr.



## JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS. 11

Mr. Puffardo had his defects; he was so totally inattentive to the grand point that tempted his lady to bestow on him her person and fortune, and so void of tenderness for her, that she naturally concluded he bestowed it on some other more happy object; she was therefore extremely jealous of her charming spouse.

Mr. Puffardo had no pretensions even to a tolerable education; for three things he was particularly remarkable, undaunted impudence, a lying tongue, and a vindictive spirit.

But however deficient he might be in real merit, however ill qualified, to the credit of the age be it spoken, he had arrived in a very few years to the dignity he now enjoyed, viz. to be master of a large boarding school: with such success, and such talents, he could not avoid being extremely well with himself, and he was, moreover, to the utter displeasure of his lady, a person of great gallantry.

Miss Franklin was a fine woman, of thirty-five, according to her own reckon-



## 22 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

ing; her brother, indeed, made her forty; but he was old, and his memory might possibly deceive him. She was, besides, a learned lady, and a patroness of literature. She was acquainted with the dead languages, and her understanding was so truly masculine, that she held her own sex in contempt; and it was to very few of the other she afforded her esteem.

A schoolmaster should be a scholar; Miss Franklin concluded Mr. Puffardo was one, and immediately started a learned subject; her astonishment to find him incapable of holding a discourse with her on her favourite topic was quickly succeeded by contempt.

Poor Puffardo had never been so embarrassed; he knew nothing of history, ancient or modern; was as unacquainted with authors as with languages; and the whole depth of his talents laying in the mere limber of his tongue, he, unusual as it was, felt himself confounded; but zounds! it was but a woman, sure he could talk to a woman; calling therefore all the bombast  
he

he was master of to his aid, he construed the silent contempt and satirical turn of the lady's countenance into an attention to his wit, and flattered himself she would lose all remembrance of his ignorance in the fulsome compliments he was paying her person.

In the midst of a very fine speech he had taken her hand, which, to say the truth, was a very fine one, in a gallant way, peculiar to himself, when he was interrupted.

Mr. Franklin's observations from the window were accompanied by Miss Elton's; still the ragged boy was in view; at length, a shrill female voice, from a wash-house on the opposite side the yard, bawled out, Mumps! Mumps! said a little pert fellow, son to the mistress, as he ran across the yard: Momp, echoed a Black, in an old livery coat, who was cleaning shoes; and Mumps, said a tall fresh-coloured pretty young man, who entered at that moment, and whom the ragged boy immediately, very uncivilly knocked down, regardless of the disorder.

disorder into which he threw a mighty well dressed head of hair, a killing scarlet coat, and a white satin tambour waistcoat.

The prostrate beau made no attempt to rise; and Mumps, as they called him, was walking very composedly away, when his eyes met those of Miss Elton: Mr. Franklin was again astonished by a low bow from him, returned with crimsoned cheeks, and her very best curtesy, from Clara.

By this time a stout, thick, vulgar looking woman made her appearance in the yard, with her arms up to the elbows in fuds; her rage was great, her voice exalted, and the looks she gave poor Mumps were baneful; she assisted the pretty youth to rise, and vowed to have Mumps turned out of doors that instant; to effect which she burst into the parlour.

It was Mrs. Puffardo.

If her anger were excited at what had past in the yard, what must she feel at the sight she beheld in the parlour!

There

There sat her *Cara Spofa*, looking earnestly in the face of a very handsome, though not a young, woman, whose hand he had at that instant very gallantly seized.

Heavens ! what an injury !

Huffy ! bawled the insulted wife, what business have you with my husband ? Oh ! you villain, will you never leave off your tricks ; but I'll teach the creature to come under my own roof, to rob an honest woman of her due.

This threat was no sooner uttered, than the dame advanced to put it in execution. Miss Elton screamed ; Mr. Franklin, alarmed at his sister's danger, advanced likewise, and Mr. Puffardo shrunk to the other side of the room. Miss Franklin, the innocent cause of the mischief, however, sat very composedly, and, finishing her pinch of snuff with great philosophy, begged her brother not to interrupt the conversation ; a matrimonial duet was what she seldom was treated with, and it being perfectly novel, it was very agreeable.

By



By the time the lady had uttered this, Mrs. Puffardo, awed by the looks and manners of Mr. Franklin, and observing the elegant carriage in waiting, had began to recollect herself, and turning all her fury on her husband, attempted an apology, half palliating her own violence, and half criminalizing him.

Dear me, Ma'am, I am very sorry, but I'm sure it's a marcy I keep my senses; what between one thing and another, and indeed it's a sad thing to have such a husband; here now that ragamuffin that just now knocked down Mr. Holcombe, he keeps him in spite of my teeth; an impudent scoundrel, that has not a rag to cover him, or a bit of bread to put in his mouth, but what we give him out of *charity*. He makes nothing of telling me he wont. I did but order him to get up a tub of coals for the washerwomen, and, would you believe it, he downright refused me.

Miss Elton wept. Mr. Franklin's looks discovered contempt for the speaker, and

Miss



Miss Franklin had again recourse to her snuff-box, and then, with a satyrical cast of countenance, protested she did not wonder at Mrs. Puffardo's ill humour; she could not think how any man could feel *charitably* disposed towards an object who *would not* fetch coals; and it was a shame a *gentlewoman's* commands should be disputed.

Mr. Puffardo thus condemned, took his part in the conversation; he declared it was not his fault the fellow was kept; he had lately been very unfortunate in his ushers, and obliged to make use of him as an assistant.

What! interrupted Mr. Franklin, that object! was he your assistant; can he be capable?

Sir, answered the schoolmaster, swelling with the idea of his own consequence, that young man was educated *here*, and though I say it, is as good a classical scholar, and writes as fine a hand as any lad in England.

Good God! exclaimed Mr. Franklin, by what accident is he then become the object of such charity?

As

As to that, said Mrs. Puffardo, let him be ever so clever, he is a nuisance to the school; all his spite is levelled against poor dear Mr. Holcombe, a young gentleman that is a gentleman, and one that has always paid and can still pay a good price for civility; and only 'cause when he passed for Sir Harry, forsooth, they was cronies, and since he has been found out, he does not like to keep such beggarly company; but out of the house he shall go; I'll never keep a vagabond to knock a gentleman down.

Had he really the impudence to strike Billy? asks the husband. I'll turn him out this instant; and away went the schoolmaster.

I'll give him a blessing at parting, however, said his wife, as she waddled after him.

A blessed feminary this, said Miss Franklin; but what's the matter with you, Clara?

This called Mr. Franklin's attention to his ward, whose tears were flowing: he asked if she knew the young man.

Oh!

Oh! Sir, answered the lovely girl, sobbing, it is poor Henry Dellmore, the youth whose misfortune it was to be the instrument of Mr. Dellmore's fraud. I begged my papa to do something for him when the wicked woman absconded, but he was so angry——

Perhaps, Clara, you intend, said Mr. Franklin, to assist him yourself when you are of age.

Oh! certainly, poor fellow; it is not three years ago when those people pretended to idolize him; he was shewn as the credit of their school; and at Mrs. Napper's we were all ready to quarrel about being his partner at every ball, though, poor fellow, when he had his own choice, he always selected me; and, I am sure, if he had been really my grandfather's heir he would have been very generous to me, had my papa died insolvent, as you know, Sir, he would have done, had the discovery not been made.

Perhaps, said Mr. Franklin, very gravely, if you had not so very severe and hard-hearted

hearted a guardian, you would have solicited his favour for this unfortunate youth.

Ah! Sir, cried the blushing Clara, I feel your reproof, and intreat your pardon. I have no excuse for my thoughtless conduct but my ill-success with my father, though the miseries of the poor youth, which we are continually told of, ought to have encouraged me as much as your known benevolence.

If he writes so well, brother, I want an amanuensis, said Miss Franklin.

At this instant Mr. Puffardo entered, followed by his Rib, whose appearance was as much changed as her countenance.

This lady, for having now on a white levitte, she must be so called, was a short thick red-haired person, about fifty years old. When she first made her entrée into the parlour, she had directly come from the wash-house, where, indeed, she was always a capital performer, and where, as she found herself most at home, she was generally better humoured than any where else; but her spirits had not been a little ruffled



ruffled by the abominable impudence of poor Mumps, who had actually refused, as she had truly represented, to assist the miserable Black, dressed with their red and brown livery, in bringing firing to the wash-house. For this offence he had fasted; and though he had, from the time Mr. Puffardo condescended to keep him out of charity, been suffered to save them a writing-usher, he grew so proud and so obstinate, and, withal, had so much manual strength, it was not in their power to keep him in the subjection which their vain-glorious pride made due to the affectation of benevolence; they therefore now wished to rid themselves of one who indicated no little propensity to despise them. In this disposition, a smaller matter than that of affronting the young gentleman, *who was a gentleman*, and could still pay for genteel treatment, as his father kept a punch-house in Jamaica, and whose self was the assemblage of every thing pretty, would have procured the dismissal of Mumps from the academy.

Mrs.

Mrs. Puffardo was not informed that her husband had company, and ran in, as I said, without attending to appearance.

She had on an old dark cotton gown, over which was a dirty white bed-gown, with a quantity of coloured handkerchiefs tied over her head and neck; her sleeves were tucked up above her elbows, and her check apron was reeking with fuds.

Miss Franklin's eye, ever capacious in viewing matters to afford her subject for that contempt and ridicule which she felt for the unlearned and illiterate, took in the whole of her figure; and she enjoyed the absurdity of her behaviour.

When Mrs. Puffardo quitted the parlour, her husband failed not to remonstrate on her folly, and having explained the business, as well as exaggerated the consequence of their guest, prevailed on her to leave to him the affair of turning out Mumps, and to make some alteration in her dress; as to his own, he observed it required none, he had fortunately just come from under the hair-dresser's hands. It was his constant  
practice

practice to walk out every evening, either with Billy Holcombe, or some other of the lads the latest under his care, for the laudable purpose of staring every modest female out of countenance that was so unlucky as to fall in their way.

On such an occasion, it was not likely so smart a fellow would neglect to ornament his person; no, his hair was nicely crimped, powdered, and curled, not indeed with a plaited tail, like Billy's, but round, and feathered at top, in imitation of a clerical beau; it was, in fact, poor Mr. Puffardo's particular misfortune that this spruce taste of his was not *more* than imitation; his ambition was to have, "By the Rev. Mr. Puffardo and assistants" added to "The academy;" but it somehow happened, tho' Mr. Puffardo carried very marketable commodities to pave his way into the church, such as a competent stock of assurance, and self-sufficiency, he did not succeed; for the prelate to whom he applied for orders was troubled with conscientious scruples, and therefore would neither hear nor *feel* the  
heavy

heavy arguments offered by the pedagogue.

This disappointment Puffardo kept to himself, but his dress, though vastly smart in that way, always betrayed his private wishes; and he was on such delightful terms with himself, that he never saw the minister of the parish ascend the pulpit, without making private comparisons between his own abilities and that of the officiating clergyman; that those comparisons terminated in his own favour I need not say; and they were ever followed by a sigh of regret, at the bar put to his shewing himself to advantage, by the obstinate prelate before-mentioned.

While the lady was retired to dress, her husband descended from the steps into the yard, ordering Mumps to be summoned, in a voice which he intended should convey to the guests in the parlour an idea of his extreme importance, and fill his own people with fear and trembling. Mumps, said the little pert master, who called Mrs. Puffardo mama.

Momp,



Momp, repeated the Black; and Mumps was echoed from every quarter; but Billy Holcombe did not then favour them with his voice, that elegant youth being under the immediate care of the cook-maid, who was plastering his face with vinegar and brown paper.

Mumps was called till the walls reverberated the sound; he was sought after from the garret to the dust-hole; no Mumps could be found.

Mr. Franklin's coachman said he saw a ragged young man pass the carriage hastily; that he was in tears; that he took the road to London, and walked very fast.

Mr. Puffardo meant to exhibit to all present the pride of power, and the tyranny of a full purse; his mean heart swelled with the imaginary triumph of turning an amiable orphan from the miserable shelter of his inhospitable roof; and wholly occupied by those ideas, he longed to close his gates against poor Mumps.

But when the vain boaster found that, tho' friendless, penniless, and destitute, the object

of his malice had himself forsaken him, disappointment took place of his upstart pride; and, as he could not indulge it, his thoughts took another turn equally mortifying.

He now recollected the great service the lad had been of to his school, and that with no small regret, as he actually was a very clever young man; it immediately occurred to him that supplying the place he had for some time filled would be attended with great difficulty and expence; turning suddenly in with those ideas on his mind, he met his wife coming to meet him. Mr. Puffardo had, in common with many other lords of the creation, a whim of laying to his wife the credit of every event that turned to the disadvantage of their affairs, and so, vice versa, taking to himself the merit of those that had a contrary effect; in this instance, he sunk the memory of all his own ill-usage, and remembered only hers.

So, Madam, you have thrown a good hundred a-year out of our pockets, said he, his small grey eyes twinkling their spiteful venom in her face.

Mrs.

Mrs. Puffardo was tinder; a spark would set her at any time in a blaze, and her spirits not being in the greatest harmony at the present instant, as reflection had not quite reconciled her to the circumstance of the hand, she immediately retorted,

What, by interrupting your conversation with the woman! as she followed him into the parlour. And here, in praise of the extreme prudence of this happy pair, I must do them the justice to say, they exceeded most people in the convenient art of covering their private rancour with outward smiles, whenever it was their interest so to do. By the time Mr. Puffardo's face became visible to the Franklins, a total change of features had taken place; and his lady profited by his example so much, that she accosted Miss Franklin with great civility.

That lady was easy enough of access when she could be diverted at the folly of the ignorant: if their vulgarity disgusted, the novelty of such characters amused her; and, as she mingled a moderate quantity of satire in her observations, Mrs. Puffardo

was a subject on whom she just now chose to exercise her talents; she fell in love with Mrs. Puffardo's mantua-maker; never saw any thing fit like her white levet; admired the dowdy cap she had on, and was charmed with her management of the wash.

So powerful is flattery, that even the vixen disposition of Mrs. Puffardo was allured by it; she had actually forgotten the manœuvre of the hand; and was on the point of being drawn into a particular history of her wardrobe and œconomy, when, unfortunately, Miss Franklin, in offering her snuff-box, displayed a beautiful white round arm, which, contrasted with her own, was the more tormenting, as she had the vexation to perceive her husband's eyes at that moment fixed on the same attractive object.

This was too much; it revived her jealousy, and filled her with rage; yet, in conformity to the precaution I before mentioned, which she never, but on the most provoking occasions, such as the situation in which she had this morning detected her husband,



husband, forgotten, Mrs. Puffardo arose, and, with a smile, said, My love, I believe I am wanted; the smile was one which her husband perfectly understood, and it was answered by him with a Very well, my dear, in the same by tone, as she abruptly quitted the room.

Mr. Puffardo had been amusing Mr. Franklin with anecdotes of Mumps, while his sister was diverting herself with his wife: deprived of such an inexhaustible source of ridicule, she now turned to another, not in the least despairing of being equally entertained by the husband; but curiosity overpowered satire, and she earnestly listened to his discourse, when she found he was giving a history of Mumps, which, as it is the best we can at present impart to our readers, we give in the words of a person who boldly undertook to qualify youth for all situations in life.

Why, Sir, this here boy, Mumps, as we call him, was placed with me by Mrs. Dellmore as her own son, and, to be sure, I thought nothing to the contrary, not I, though I am not easily deceived neither;

her husband died before the old gentleman, Sir Henry, so she never was a lady; old Square-toes did not like the match; indeed I don't know how he should, she had not a shilling to her fortune; she boasted of her family, indeed; but, Lord, as I say, what signifies family, that's all a mere hum; any man may spend a fortune, but give me the man that gets one, he's the man for my money. Well, the old gentleman made a cramp sort of a will; there he gave Mrs. Dellmore all the estate till her son came of age; if he died a minor, Madam had not a farthing; the estate went to his daughter, one Mrs. Elton. Well, Mrs. Dellmore pretended to go to France for her health; why, Lord, 'twas all a sham; her own boy died, and God knows where she picked up this scoundrel, but however, nobody so much as suspected the cheat: well, home she came, and her son, as she called him, with her, and a friend of mine recommended him to me. The woman behaved pretty enough to us, I can't say but she did, and we could do no less than be civil in our

turns

turns to her and Sir Henry, as we thought him. Well, Sir, at last, the murder came out, as the saying is; some how or some how, one of her own servants blabbed; the thing was proved; Madam went off, and the impostor was left on my hands; could not so much as fix his parish; however, Sir, I am an independent man. I thought, thinks I, whatever is, is right, as *Addison* says; 'twill be an act of charity to keep the boy; so there, what does I do, but begged all my youngers old clothes for him; but he was such a conceited, pragmatrical fellow, there was no such thing as keeping him within bounds; nothing would serve him but visiting the boys at breakings-up; he said they invited him; they might and they might not; however, I thought it was a liberty unbecoming a mere beggar to take; indeed it was from that circumstance we first called him Mumps, but we could not break him of it till his clothes was too bad to get him admittance any where; and since that, here I wanted him to wear a livery, just when we had com-

C 4

pany,

pany, or went out in form, and that, as I told him, it would be a means of clothing him, and I would have put him a bit of lace to his hat; but, Lord, not he, he scorned to be advised, though, as I told him, it was all for his good; and from that time he has behaved as you have seen. I have no doubt but the fellow will come to be hanged. If I am not mistaken, that is the very young lady he would have wronged of her inheritance. I am sure, Miss, I am heartily glad justice took place.

Mr. Franklin asked a few other questions, not, to Mr. Puffardo's extreme mortification, about his terms; he, indeed, no longer remembered the business that brought him to the academy. To David Malton his purse he resolved should be properly open; but Mumps, his misfortunes, his situation, his distress, and, above all, his innocence, engrossed the whole soul of compassion in Mr. Franklin, his sister, and ward; they took a cool leave, and returned to Mrs. Napper's.



## C H A P. II.

*A broken Merchant.*

MR. Elton, father to Miss Clara, was, at the time he married Sir Henry Dellmore's daughter, an American merchant, in extensive and flourishing circumstances: he received with his lady a fortune of twelve thousand pounds.

Sir Henry Dellmore was a man of liberal ideas, and his daughter the assemblage of delicacy, generosity and goodness; her mind, indeed, had not received the advantage of a *prudent* bias; she had not learnt how immaterial to a fine lady it was in what manner her husband conducted his affairs, provided her jointure was secure, and her separate allowance regularly paid. Mr. Elton's not having landed property to settle on Miss Dellmore was no objection to their alliance.

If, Sir, said she to her father, I submit the protection of my honour and person to

Mr. Elton, are not those deposits of infinitely more consequence than my fortune? What separate interest can I possibly have from the man of my choice?

The only objection to this noble confidence, returned Sir Henry, is the possibility of misadventure in trade, which the first men in the mercantile line are subject to; in that case, without any real fault on the part of Mr. Elton, you might live to regret a deviation from the custom most prudent people choose to adhere to.

Oh! Sir, cried Miss Dellmore, should I not in that case share the fate of my husband? on the contrary, if he continues prosperous, will not the fortune which your paternal generosity bestows on me, when put into the hands of a man whose commerce is as extensive as his principles are good, be a means of adding to his powers abroad, as much as I flatter myself his happy wife will be his pleasure at home?

Sir Henry was not famous for arguments that would vanquish the pleas of confidence and honour; he was, besides, very fond of  
his

his daughter, and, consequently, a partial admirer of her sentiments; the match was concluded; the lady's fortune paid down even to the Shandean jerk of the last guinea, without a single doubt on the part of the daughter, or regret on that of the father; and, to this I must add, that the merchant, charmed as he was with this open-hearted act, would have received the lady with equal rapture had she been destitute of the golden concomitants to happiness.

Sir Henry Dellmore did not live to see his beloved daughter experience a reverse of her first happy prospects; it was not till after his death that the troubles which occasioned the mournful dismemberment of the British empire commenced.

Mr. Elton's property, to a large amount, happened unfortunately to be in the hands of persons whose principles were at any rate to obtain riches; they had the sagacity to foresee that public ruin would be their private benefit, and rebellion a sponge that would rub out all accounts with their correspondents on this side the Atlantic. I need not add

how well those plans succeeded. Mr. Elton's known probity procured him the respect and compassion of his fellow-citizens, but they would not answer the payment of those bills, many of them accepted from the perfidious Americans.

Mr. Elton became a bankrupt.

Mrs. Elton broken-hearted: and who shall scrutinize into the wise dispensations of the King of Kings? This unfortunate couple, who had been married twelve years without being blessed with a pledge of their affections, an heir to their then prosperous fortunes, now, in the hour of their calamity, had the grief of seeing a child, not less dear for the unpropitious season of its birth, involved in their poverty, in their misfortunes.

The unhappy bankrupt's effects enabled him in the end to pay the full demand of all his creditors; but his affairs were too extensive to be soon settled; he instantly obtained his certificate, and offers of credit to any amount, but a blow was struck that rendered him incapable of entering again with proper attention into business. His wife was

in



in a rapid decline, and himself, from the grief and fatigue of attending on her, as well as vexation on account of his circumstances, likewise in ill health; the little Clara, their mutual darling, was the only earthly thing that claimed the attention of the miserable pair, but nothing could save the mother's life; she died when her infant had not turned her third year.

The canker-worm of grief had eat its way into the inmost recesses of Mr. Elton's heart; but while his soul turned from all that the world could give to the grave of his Clara, her last words, "Be careful of my child," rung from thence in hollow sounds on his ears. Reluctantly, with deep and bitter groans, he left the sacred repository of love and friendship, the spot more enviable to him than a palace, that contained the remains of his wife, placed the child at a cheap boarding-school, near the house where her mother had removed for the air, and accepted the place of first clerk to Messrs. Franklin, Burges, and Levesage.

Contracted

Contracted as were his circumstances, Mr. Elton's pride never forsook him; he paid a better price for his child than Mrs. Napper received for any other scholar, but that was little; he forgot not for a moment that Clara was all that was left of his beloved wife; he would deprive himself of necessaries to give her superfluities, but would not accept of any pecuniary obligations, though many of his respectable fellow-citizens would have gladly contributed to the ease of his circumstances.

Silent, haughty, and reserved, he discharged with fidelity and exactness the duties of his station, but his lips were ever closed on the subject of his inward woes, and his heart was inaccessible to the approach of kindness; over his child he would indulge in a luxury of grief; and, while with flowing eyes and agonizing sighs he marked the resemblance of each feature to his lost wife, he fervently prayed that God would take the dear object of his love and care (before he fell a victim to the same grief that had destroyed

destroyed her mother) out of the unkind, the unfeeling world.

Mr. Elton's health would not long permit him to continue the full discharge of his duty, yet Mr. Franklin would not hear of his relinquishing his place for an avowed reason, which the world allowed to be sheer wisdom, viz. that he could not have it so well supplied by any other person; but he had a stronger private one, which the world would not, perhaps, have been so partial to, namely, an irresistible impulse, that sought alliance with unmerited affliction wherever he met it; the pride of heart, which, carried to the excess it was in Mr. Elton, rendered him a sacred, a respectable object of compassion to Mr. Franklin, tho' it would have excited disgust in many others; and he seized with an avidity, conceivable only to hearts like his own, on every occasion to administer relief with the utmost delicacy to the grief, as well as the circumstances of the unfortunate Mr. Elton, whose health decreasing daily, and whose own inward prognostics being of the most fatal sort, he, by degrees,

softened

softened in his reserve and concern for his child, conquered the inflexibility of his temper, and condescended to implore the favour and protection of the benevolent Mr. Franklin for the young orphan (as she soon must be) whom he had sent for to his lodgings purposely to present to him.

Clara dropped her pretty curtsy, and was received without a single word to the arms and affections of the good banker.

No, Mr. Franklin did not speak, neither was a stamp necessary to bind *him* to the performance of a promise; but Mr. Elton's soul retired with joy within itself; it aspired with confidence and gratitude to the mansion where his wife *now* lived; it anticipated the approach of that moment which would reunite them, when he might say, I am come to thee, my Clara, but I have not left thy child unprotected.

A silence of some moments ensued; it was broken by Mr. Franklin, who, in faltering accents, begged Mr. Elton to compose his mind in the peaceful security of all his wishes.

The



The very next day a discovery of a most important nature was made; the younger brother of Mrs. Elton had left an heir, who was in reality dead, notwithstanding his widow had concealed it, and imposed a child on the family as heir to the Dellmore title and estate; one of those concerned in the fraud made the discovery, and the lady absconded; a decree was obtained in favour of Clara Elton, as being the heiress to her cousin, two days only before her father's death, who continued to request Mr. Franklin's guardianship to her person: as to her fortune, she became a ward of Chancery.

Mrs. Napper, the governess of the boarding school where Miss Elton was placed at her mother's death, and where she yet continued, was a person who, for the sake of numbers, undertook the education of young ladies at a very low price; she took little care of her pupils, and less of her own character and circumstances; she was, what some people call, good-natured, that is, she was always ready for a party of pleasure, and in high spirits while it lasted. She had

two daughters, pretty in the world's eye, and perfect beauties in her own.

Now, as it is not in the nature of things for a beauty to be an useful member of the community, as the Miss Nappers were fully sensible of their charms, and, as they were ladies who considered the keeping a school as a mode of life infinitely beneath their merits, and consequently chose to divest their pretty heads of all care about getting an honest livelihood, their pride, indolence, and extravagance, were, indeed, added to their mother's thoughtless and indolent turn, greatly accelerating her ruin.

Mrs. Napper was possessed of a great deal of low cunning, and paid her court to the passions of the children under her care with such success, that they were in general very fond of her, without knowing why; and little Clara having been so early left motherless, knew no other person, her father excepted, on whom to lavish the fondness and sensibility which her heart abounded with; she was, indeed, such an amiable little

little creature, that it was impossible to avoid loving her; and Mrs. Napper, as well as her daughters, always made her a kind of pet.

When therefore the fortune she was undoubted and uncontrollable heiress to, became known to the governess and her family, they were all most assiduously bent on cultivating the affections of a young creature with whose amiable and ductile disposition they were so perfectly acquainted, and to whose brilliant fortune they looked with hope and expectation.

As those plans commenced at the instant Clara was losing her only natural friend, it is not to be wondered at that the increasing professions of affection, and the attentive kindness of Mrs. Napper and her daughters should make an impression on her young mind not easily erased.

Mr. Franklin wished to remove her to a school where she might be taught accomplishments, and make connections more suitable to her destined rank in life; but the slightest hint of a removal affected her so much, that

that *he*, who was the soul of friendly attachments *himself*, could not help applauding her affection for the family that had brought her up, and consented to her remaining at East Sheen, where he directed proper masters to attend her, that she might not lose the benefit of those instructions which more elevated schools would have afforded. The two cousins, as the fictitious Sir Henry Dellmore and Clara Elton were called, were remarkably attached to each other, although Mr. Elton's pride stood in the way of the offered kindness of Mrs. Dellmore to his daughter, and extended, indeed, to the prohibiting any intercourse between the children; his heart rose at the indignities an humble relation is subject to from the opulent branches of her family. An humble companion! No, his Clara should be any thing but so pitiable a character.

Mr. Puffardo and Mrs. Napper very civilly visited, and very cordially hated each other. Mr. Puffardo valued himself on ready-money dealings, and being, as he termed it, an independent man, he seldom  
saw



saw any of the tradesmen of the place without making a friendly scrutiny into the state of his neighbours accounts with them; was sorry the poor woman was so backward in her payments, but advised them to take care; *he was her particular friend*, and wished she would attend more to her school and less to her visiting; he was *grieved* to say it, but, it could not be denied, she was over head and ears in debt.

Mrs. Napper, on her part, being the daughter of a country curate, and the widow of an under-strapper in the law, valued herself on being a gentlewoman, and held Puffardo and his wife in the utmost contempt, as people of low breeding, vulgar ideas, and mean principles.

Those were the home-sentiments of each; but as it was often in Mr. Puffardo's power to recommend Mrs. Napper a scholar, and as it was also often in that lady's to return the civility in kind, they were bound by the strongest of all considerations, self-interest, to pass high encomiums on each other; and from that motive it was that

Mrs.

Mrs. Napper gave Mr. Puffardo so good a character,

But when Mr. Franklin and the dear Miss Elton returned from the Academy, full of the sad story of poor Mumps, she was not only at liberty to speak her own sentiments, but to indulge her natural love of gossiping, by repeating those of other people.

She declared Henry Dellmore was the sweetest boy in the world; so graceful, so handsome, so good-humoured, so every thing, her heart had long ached for him. The nick name of Mumps, given him by Puffardo, was a poor piece of low spite, occasioned by his being favoured by the friends of every lad of genteel connections in the school.

Every body loved him; for her part, she was a poor widow, who met with no such luck; but Mr. Puffardo ought to blush at letting him go so shabby and mean, when let Mrs. Dellmore be what she would, to her certain knowledge, she was always making them genteel and valuable presents, far more than equal to the clothing the poor lad for years

years ; but some people had no bowels, that she must say.

Where can he be ? cried Clara, in a plaintive tone of voice, her eyes filling with tears ; he has not a friend in the world ; he is worse off than *me*, who have lost my papa and mama ; *he* never knew his parents.

Sister, said Mr. Franklin, turning from the company, we shall be dark home.

I wish we could hear any thing of the poor boy, said Miss Franklin.

The carriage drew up ; their hearts all softened by one object, might, perhaps, influence the adieus, which were unusually tender. Mr. Franklin was very soon going to his favourite seat in Devonshire, where he generally resided ; he pressed his young ward to his heart, and though convinced the tears that bedewed her cheeks were ascribable to another cause, kissed them off with great tenderness, and promised the utmost indulgence to every wish of her heart.

Ay, my dear, said Miss Franklin, if you hear of the poor boy, let us know, and we will do something for him.

Clara could not speak.

## C H A P. III.

*The Robbery.*

THE carriage was ordered to drive fast. When they were within two miles of town, Oh! brother, cried the lady, as I live, there is the poor boy.

Mr. Franklin had hastily pulled the cheque-string, and involuntarily called out.

With a mein of the strongest dejection, his eyes fixed on the earth, limping, owing to the badness of his shoes, hungry, almost naked, spiritless, friendless, pennyless, and forlorn, with slow, unequal steps, the son of sorrow approached the social haunts of men.

Henry Dellmore was naturally thoughtless, lively, and inconsiderate; not one ill-disposed, mean or dishonest act had yet disgraced the name it was his misfortune to bear; covered with rags, and inured to insult, his spirits had, nevertheless, till  
now,



now, supported him; the mean, the cruel usage of Mr. Puffardo filled him with contempt; he knew that the superficial vanity, the unblushing ignorance of his late master, could be only equalled by the folly and malice of his wife, and both were beneath the indignation of an elevated mind, such as, notwithstanding his unenviable appearance, was that of Henry Dellmore.

He thought of them therefore with no other emotions than the disgust their barbarity excited, and with the contempt due to their contracted souls.

But it was not thus he recollected the insults of Holcombe, which filled him with rage; his heart beat; his eyes struck fire; his cheeks glowed at the remembrance of his behaviour.

Young as he was, and unhackneyed in the ways of men, unpractised in dissimulation, and ignorant of every species of vice or deceit, the conduct of that young man, though perfectly natural, struck *him* with astonishment, grief, and anger.

It was only three years back when Sir Henry Dellmore and Billy Holcombe were bosom friends; they had slept in one bed four years; no thought of the one was withheld from the other; no wish formed but it became the desire of both to gratify; the infantine connection, so beautifully described by our immortal bard, was strictly applicable to those two young friends; and the ingratitude that destroyed it, could not but be severely felt by the unexperienced soul of Dellmore; even David, worn out with sickness, and overcome with afflictions, describes his sufferings on a similar occasion with equal sorrow and indignation; *he*, with all *his* trials, was not equal to the anguish of ill-requited friendship.

“It was not an enemy that reproached me, *then I could have borne it*; neither was it he that hated me, then I would have hid myself; but it was *thou*, a *man*, mine equal, my guide, and *mine acquaintance*; we took sweet counsel together.” The heart of man, let refiners say what they please, is the same

same in all ages; and, as quotations are particularly allowable to female writers, I trust I shall be forgiven for taking one from so obsolete a book, although I cannot venture it without an apology.

Young Dellmore was doted on by his supposed mother; she prevented all his wishes; every creature he loved was sure of her favours; and Holcombe, being *his* minion, was hers also; he constantly shared in the amusements, the presents, and the purse of young Dellmore; at every school-recess he was Mrs. Dellmore's invited guest; and, when removed to an attorney, to whom he was articled, still her house was his welcome home: the league of friendship and cordiality entered into between the young men was to last for their lives; it was to stand the test of time, change of clime, circumstances, and every event that could happen; on the side of Henry it was sincere and honourable, on that of the child of the Sun, as he vaunted himself, perfectly creolian.

The innocent implement of another's fraud was no sooner discovered, than he became

the object of derision to this his bosom friend; the noble sentiments he professed, and which actually had been impressed on his mind by the unhappy woman he believed to be his mother, were ridiculed not only on account of their source, but their tendency; and his high sense of honour and veracity, caricatured into a spirit of Quixotism and ill-breeding. Holcombe's father had a large family to share in the profits of his business, which was as great as any man's in his way in the island of Jamaica; it was highly proper to regulate the expences of his son according to what he could afford for the rest of his family; Mrs. Dellmore's generosity was therefore of double utility; it not only supplied him for present expence, but enabled him to save what might be of future service; the gleanings from her favour were not wholly expended at the time the rencounter happened which we have related, and he abounded in money when Henry was shirtless: in return for those advantages, *he* was the first to insult, and the last to pity his unfortunate friend; which amiable disposition



tion he had frequent opportunities of indulging, being still at every vacation at Mr. Puffardo's, his self-nominated guardian.

Such conduct could not fail of exciting horror in every honest heart; the one most affected by it was not only struck with horror, but rent with grief; its pride was severely wounded, its patience exhausted, and the lassitude of despair was at length, after repeated indignities, roused into actual resentment.

Henry Dellmore was a stranger in the world, or only known to be reprobated as an impostor; an innocent one, it was allowed, but what can innocence do with poverty? yet, in the world, where he had shewn no kindness, conferred no obligations, where he could not be wounded by the objects of his bounty, where the sharp, the unrelenting sting of ingratitude would not pierce his heart, he could not be so miserable as at Puffardo's; it was therefore in his proud sorrow the poor wanderer had left East Sheen.

But, shocking to a generous mind as was the Puffardos best method of conferring favours, and comfortless as was their roof, it was a somewhere, a home; and, as the warmth of his resentment began to give way to the pain of his blistered feet, his dinnerless stomach, and empty pockets, were remembered with the greater anguish, as the memory of the woman, whose affectionate regards had formerly screened him from the most distant apprehension of misfortune, but whose abandoning him had exposed him to every evil under heaven, recurred to his imagination; tears rolled in successive torrents down his beardless cheeks.

Cruel, cruel woman, cried he, where now dost thou conceal thyself? Why, since for your own purposes you took me from my real parents, did you not return me to them, or suffer me to share your fate? Can they, can you, be more miserable, more distressed, or more abandoned, than you have left me? Where now shall I go? where find a shelter for a single night? Oh! where do those  
bene-

beneficent beings dwell, those benevolent hearts, those practisers of virtue you pointed out for my example, you taught me to expect? alas, are they all like your professions, a sanction for deceit, a cover for inhumanity? Just as he had uttered this apostrophe, his face bathed in tears, his slackening and weary pace proving his mind absorbed in despair, Mr. Franklin's carriage overtook him; his voice reached, and his hand beckoned the son of sorrow to the notice of benevolence.

Where are you going, young man?

Henry hesitated.

Have you any friends in London?

He burst into tears.

How troublesome the dust is, exclaimed Mr. Franklin in a low voice, which, after a hem, he cleared up.

Here, continued he very hastily, if you are not engaged for lodgings, be so good as to carry this card (on which he wrote as he spoke) as directed.

And here, said Miss Franklin, give this too as directed.

Henry took the card in one hand, the small parcel in the other; he could not speak, but his looks said more than language could express; they spoke admiration and astonishment; and the true gratitude beamed over his countenance; his eyes were stretched to the full extent of their orbits, and his mouth remained in the position his vain attempt to speak had left it, till the coach drove swiftly off, leaving him a living statue of wonder, in the high road, where he continued till roused by a man in a tilted cart, who called to bid him stand out of the way.

A few minutes before, Henry had condemned Mrs. Dellmore for filling his mind with chimerical ideas of charity and benevolence, which did not exist; he was at this instant fully convinced they were pictures from real life.

Will you ride, my lad? said the man in the cart; you look tired.

I have no money, answered he.

I have asked you for none, replied the man.

Ah,



Ah, said Henry, as he ascended the cart, another picture; as they proceeded, he examined his card; it was directed to Mrs. Molton, in Coleman-street, and under written with a pencil,

“Receive the bearer kindly, and take care  
“of him till you hear from B. FRANKLIN.”

He put it in his bosom, and then opened the Lady's parcel; this was a silk purse, wrapped up in the cover of a letter, on which was written,

“For Henry Dellmore;” and contained six guineas, two half-crowns, and a gold medal, which was the whole strength of Miss Franklin's purse at the time she passed him.

Where did those angels drop from! exclaimed the enraptured youth.

The higler, who rode by his side, observed with astonishment this transaction.

This boy, thought he, has stolen that purse; and again viewed his deplorable figure. He told me he had no money; indeed I thought as much; he is certainly a jail-bird, a pick-pocket at least.

What peart of Lunnun are you going to? said he. To Coleman-street.

Humph, said the higler, I wonder again, thought he, if there is the same reward for taking up a pick-pocket, as a highwayman; nay, for that matter, a may be a highwayman, and, for ought I know, committed murder; a looks devilish wicked; sidling as far from him as the seat would admit; that a does; I'll e'en stop at the New Jail, and there leave him; Gode forbid as I should screen a thief.

This man was an useful member of society; his cart, under a few baskets of poultry, his own property, contained tea and other articles, belonging to a very honest outlawed gentleman, a smuggler in his neighbourhood; and he had frequently assisted in forcibly carrying from legal authority goods, the property of the aforesaid gentleman; once or twice some blood had been spilt, but that was nothing; the honesty of the man was such, that, notwithstanding the risk to his employers, he could not resist the temptation of bringing a poor  
ragged

ragged boy to justice, for having a purse with gold in his possession.

Besides, the tea was not his own property, but the reward for apprehending the thief would be; a consideration that would have often tempted him to turn informer against his master, had he not been restrained by fear of his revenge; but this boy, *tut*, who'd mind his being hanged?

In his way he was particularly kind to his fellow-traveller; and when they came to the New Jail, begged he would just hold the reins while he stepped in to speak to a friend.

Henry very readily assented, and being a youth of a sanguine disposition, had in a few moments built very fine air-castles, nor thought of his new friend's stay, till his whimsies were unmercifully destroyed by a rough, ill-favoured fellow, accompanying his friend the higler, who bid him alight, and go with him; to the first part of this proposition, or rather command, he made no objection, because he thought it was the will of the owner of the cart; but

he objected going with the person who had such a peremptory manner of speaking.

His refusal, however, nor all that resistance, strength, and a clear conscience could muster, would not avail; the rough, ill-favoured man summoned others to his aid; our hero was a perfect Cæsar in rage; he would have died for liberty; but he was in the power of people who would neither let him die nor conquer; they hand-cuffed and dragged him up a few steps, into a narrow court, where, having gained admittance into a mean looking house, Henry was left under the care of four men in the passage, while the higler and the others went into a room on the right hand. Reader, hast thou yet learnt to reverence the customs of the land of liberty? dost thou feel a sacred respect for the distributors of justice? art thou filled with reverential awe when thou beholdest one or more, for it is hardly possible to pass a lane, or enter a chandler's-shop, without encountering some of his Majesty's trading justices; if not,

pass



pass by this chapter, the description is not for thee.

At one side of a large square room was a fire-place, at which was roasting the fat end of a neck of mutton, which an elderly woman was carefully basting; at the other was a brown desk, at which was placed a little old man, with sharp eyes, red face, and hollow voice; before him on the desk lay a plate of toast and grease, vulgarly called sop in the pan; and by his side stood a cherry-cheeked damsel, who assisted in wiping the fat that ran copiously out of each corner of his mouth; which acts of kindness were rewarded by frequent te-he's, amorous looks, and pinches of the cheek.

Please your worship, (the gentleman was actually in commission of the peace) Please your worship, we have taken a highwayman.

Hah, Mr. Bounce, is it you? good, very good; forty pounds, eh; good, very good; is that he, hay? he looks like a, what I call a thorough-bred thief; Yes, I, I can see

see G written in his forehead; the higler mechanically rubbed the part that gave the penetrating magistrate such disgraceful information.

Ah lord, no your worship, this here gentleman is the person that took the highwayman; a very honest sort of a gentleman.

Good, very good; yes, yes, I see I was mistaken; you, you'll excuse me, I must put on my eyes; yes, yes, I see I was mistaken.

Well, Mr. Bounce, but where's the thief?

Please your worship, he's without; but I thought as how your worship would like to take the zamination afore you mitted him.

Good, very good, Mr. Bounce. Well, fir, so this highwayman stopped you on a certain place, commonly called, known, and described by the name or title of highway, and there put you in bodily fear.

Anan, your worship, quoth the higler. No, please your worship, he only tuk  
 I him

him on spiffion. Oh, good, very good, on fuspicion; well Mr. A A, what is your name?

My neame, Ralph, and please your worship.

Well, Mr. Ralph, so you found on the prisoner a case of horse-pistols, loaded with flugs?

Anan, again, quoth the higler.

No, your worship, but he found on him a purse of gold.

Hay, did he; where is it, where is it? let me see it; I will keep it—*for the right owner*. The lad has got it, answered the higler. Has he, has he? bring him in. A purse of gold! my blood rises at him; bring him in.

Please your worship, said Bounce—

Bring him in, I say, bring him in. A purse of gold to be left in the possession of a thief! Where's my clerk? Betty, call Toby.

Toby, screamed Betty.—The mutton will be over-done, said the old woman.—A purse of gold, repeated the justice, in the possession of a thief!

In

In limped Toby, a lame shoemaker in the neighbourhood; and in was brought poor Mumps.

Hay, good, very good; that's the thief; I see him plain enough; his face is familiar to me. Sirrah, where's the purse of gold you stole?

Sir, I have stolen no gold, answered Henry undauntedly. Hay, good, very good; a fine hardened young dog, eh, Bounce. Well then, fir, where is the purse of gold you borrowed?

Sir, I don't understand you.

You don't, hay, you don't; commit him, commit him. Here, Toby, write; but first search him; search the rascal; take care of pistols; be sure to take care of pistols.—No pistols were found; but what was much better, the purse made its appearance.

Good, very good; give me the purse; there, there now, now commit him.

Wont your worship please to take the zamination? cried Bounce, in a surly tone, at seeing the gold *he* meant to have kept

for



*for the right owner, himself, pass into the hands of the justice.*

To be sure, to be sure, you, Mr. Ralph, you saw this rascal steal this purse?

No, your worship, I don't say *that*; I zeed the lad in the ruad, and axed he to ride, whereof he tould me as he'd no money, and zo I fyed I'd ax he for nuone, and zo ater that a lugged out that vine silken purse.

Well, well, well, same thing, same thing; so you had a suspicion he stole the purse?

Please your worship, interrupted Bounce, (his worship would suffer an interruption from Bounce) I tell you how the thing was: this here lad stopt a coach, just before this here man came up; didn't he? to Ralph. Yes, yes, the coach did stop zure enough.

Well then, please your worship, he was so frightened at what he had done, that Ralph had near run over him; wasn't he?

Yes, he did luk scared, that he did; and then as soon as you took him into the cart, he fell counting the money.

Good,

Good, very good ; a plain case, a plain case. The commitment was signed ; and Henry heard, to his infinite surprise, the evidence sworn on a cause pending betwixt him and our Sovereign Lord the King. In fine, he was ordered to be carried to goal, for that night, and to be brought up for further examination to the rotation, next morning.

The whole transaction was so sudden, and the anger of the men, who conducted him, was so excited by the resistance he had made, that he could gain no sort of information on what grounds he was in his present situation. However, as he had leisure for recollection, and his head was perfectly free from the vapours of a full stomach, he turned in his mind many possible and impossible causes ; and, at last, fixed all the mischief on Puffardo ;—but what business could they have with the lady's purse ? —The utmost efforts of recollection, and a clear head, could not answer that question ; and sleep in the midst of his conjectures, kindly paid that visit to a wad of straw, in  
the

the dark cell of a prison, which she often refuses to carpeted rooms, and beds of down.

## C H A P. IV.

### *The Acquittal.*

AS soon as Mr. Franklin alighted from his carriage, he sent to apprise Mrs. Molton of the guest he had directed to her house, and inclosed a draft to his banker, for means to equip him instantly; which, when done, he directed her to accompany him to Austin-friars.

The answer returned by the good woman, and her further intelligence next morning, surprised the banker and his sister; as Mumps had not made his appearance in Coleman-street, the conclusion, that he had satisfied himself with their benefaction, without wishing any thing further, was natural, though far from agreeable, as it did not add to their prejudice in his favour.

Mr.

Mr. Franklin felt disappointed ; he too, although not now troubled with the warmth of a youthful imagination, was in some cases a great castle-builder, and had been kept from sleep, in a pleasing reverie, great part of the night, having been every relative to the friendless youth, and anticipated the happy change he meant to make in his circumstances.

Miss Franklin, I have told my reader, was very learned ; she was also an authoress, not of modern poetry, *that* was beneath the greatness of her soul, and the sublimity of her talents ; not of novels or common bagatelles ; those she despised.

The family of the Franklins could trace their original from the same stock as Oliver Cromwell ; Miss Franklin valued herself on the opinions and principles of her great relation ; she was at this period far advanced in a work of labour and consequence, the history of her own country, in the true republican stile and spirit ; and finding matters increase very fast from the political observations the then state of the  
nation



nation afforded, she wished, as she hinted to her brother, for an amanuensis; and Henry Dellmore was the person fixed on in her mind's eye for this important employment. She had been told he wrote a good hand, and was a classical scholar; those qualifications were all she wanted, and the disappointment was of consequence.

They were forming various conjectures on the non-appearance of our hero, some of them very little to his advantage, when the following curious note, directed for Miss Franklin, or in her absence, to the Squire, was put into her hands.

M A D A M,

A feller, I vel now to be an ould culpret, as ben befor me, won of his Mayesties gustis of the pees for the conti of Suri, on a charg of hiway ruberi, and a purs fund on him, in a pees of paper, with your direcshons; so I bag the fever of you to atten the Rottashion to give hesidence, or if not you the Squire, has he his a ardened willan,  
an

an must be anged, to prewent furder mis-  
cheif. i ham your umbel farvant,

SAMUEL SPOONER, Esq.

Won of his Mayesties gustices of the pees  
for the conti of Suri; liven in Falken  
Cort.

It required some attention and patience  
to decypher the writing of the *worshipfull*  
*gustice*; but when this was done, Miss  
Franklin turned pale. Oh, good God,  
brother, cried she, dropping the note, the  
poor boy is murdered.

God forbid, said Mr. Franklin, as he  
picked it up. Oh, he certainly is, cried  
she, weeping; my unfortunate donation  
tempted this villain to kill the poor inno-  
cent; but what shall I do? I cannot go  
to swear before those people, though I  
would give the world to have the inhuman  
wretch punished.

Mr. Franklin wanted no intreaties; he  
begged his sister not to be alarmed, and en-  
gaging to spare neither trouble or expence

to bring the offender to justice, went immediately to the Rotation-office.

The magistrates were then sitting, and the crowd was great round the door. Mr. Franklin was endeavouring to squeeze his way through, when he saw the supposed murdered youth heavily ironed, but viewing the crowd with that kind of curious unconcern, which, if it had not been the effect of innocence, would surely have spoken him as the *worshipfull gustis* said, a hardened young villain. He was leaning against a post, with the rest of the prisoners, who were waiting their turns for examination.

Mr. Franklin felt, but it does not signify saying what he felt at this sight; he instantly made way to the prisoner.

Henry, when the goodness of Mr. Franklin stopped him on the road, had no recollection of him or the carriage, although he had passed both at the Academy; and as to his person, it is true, Mr. Franklin stood at the window when he bowed to Miss Clara Elton, but Henry seldom saw or observed any other object while his  
eyes

eyes could gaze on Clara; the respectable figure therefore of Mr. Franklin was totally lost, as he stood by his young ward; and at the time they extended their charity to him the night before, it was dusk, and his mind was so much agitated by grief, confusion, and surprise, that he could not retain any idea of their features; he had therefore not the least knowledge of the person who now asked, in a voice of sympathy and concern, what offence he had committed, and how he came in that situation?

To those interrogatories the simple youth gave very short answers; he knew no crime he had been guilty of, except poverty; and as to how he came there, he referred him to the before-mentioned ill-favoured personage by him. Mr. Franklin was informed, that a countryman had seen the ragged varlet stop a carriage, and commit a robbery, the night before; that the said countryman was a deep one, had trapped him, and brought the rascal to him; and that he was in consequence sent to jail.

On



On this information Mr. Franklin immediately went into the august presence of Samuel Spooner, Esquire, and his brethren, where he determined to wait in silence, to be an ear-witness of the evidence on which they detained an object now endeared to his soul, by a tie more binding to his generous nature than blood, *unmerited misfortunes*. He was, however, prevented by the sharp eye of the worshipful guffis Spooner, who happened to know his person, and immediately ordered the boy to be brought in. There's a hardened young villain for you, said Samuel Spooner, Esquire, as Henry entered, with a look perfectly composed. Well, firrah, will you now confess how you came by the purse?

The whole bench, I beg leave to inform my readers, were not Spooners; one of them coolly demanded our hero's name.

He had none, he said.

You mean, you rascal, you have so many names, you cannot tell which we are least acquainted with, answered guffis Spooner.

A tear started into Henry's eye; it was contagious; Mr. Franklin could bear no more, he could no longer conquer his feelings, he advanced, took the lad by the arm, and soon, very soon, got the disgraceful load of irons removed; and his innocence being manifested, to the surprise of the magistrates, the disappointment of Bounce, and the lamentation of the higler, who actually had not only the tea seized, but his cart and horse also. We will close the scene, and attend Mr. Franklin back to his sister, whose heart he rejoiced by the account of his having delivered young Dellmore, and dropped him at Mrs. Morton's, with whom he had left orders to equip him for their breakfast-table next morning.

At ten o'clock our benevolent banker and his sister entered their breakfast-room, and presently the servant announced a young gentleman, who could not have been recognized for poor Mumps, had not the violent emotions of the finest youth they had ever seen discovered him.

He fell speechless at their feet; his eyes they had before seen suffused with tears, but they were tears of sorrow, of despair; their animating lustre was lost in the hopeless situation of his mind; yet now joy, transport, and a thankful heart, enlivened his countenance; his graceful figure ornamented the plain light-brown suit the good woman had bought for him; his fine brown hair, cleared from filth and neglect, hung in ringlets round his face and shoulders; a face in which envy could not discover a blemish, or a feature for conceit to mend.

The brother and sister turned their delighted eyes from him to each other; they enjoyed in silent ecstasy the first and most sublime pleasure tasted by the creator himself; they beheld their work, and felt it was good. When the benign heart bestows, from its feelings, favours for which it receives its own approbation, and where those favours are happily conferred on grateful and worthy objects, few are the verbal acknowledgments necessary to be given or received. Oh, how different from the

vain ostentatious boaster, whose favours wound the sensible mind; he will talk in a flow of words of ingratitude; he rails without mercy at the unthankfulness of the world, because, with a mixture of meanness and pride, he exacts a tribute the virtuous man cannot, and the vicious will not pay.

Far from these were the sensations that prevailed over the happy breakfast; no retrospect was suffered, but one gentle hint from Mr. Franklin, that *Clara Elton was the friend who introduced Henry Dellmore to the knowledge of Mr. and Miss Franklin.*



## CHAPTER V.

*Odd Characters.*

THE curiosity of my readers will not keep pace with my expectations, if they are not desirous to know some further particulars of a brother and sister so different in their ages, and, I may add, their dispositions, who seemed in their benevolent partiality to Henry Dellmore to be actuated by one soul.

Their history may be told in few words; their lives had passed in the calm, placid serenity of content; they were equal strangers to the turbulency of ungovernable desires, and the rapture of excessive joy,

Mr. Franklin was the eldest son of a banker, who, in partnership with a quaker, of the name of Burgefs, had established one of the first banking-houses in the metropolis, which was greatly increased in credit and riches, under the firm of their successors,

the son of the one continuing in partnership with the nephew of the other; they were, indeed, so exceeding prosperous in all their undertakings, that their affluence exceeded their wishes.

Neither of the partners had heirs, or near relations; they therefore admitted Mr. Anthony Levifage, their clerk, into a share of the business, who, having no capital, gave attention in proportion to the advantages he received from the fortunes of his late masters; he lived in Great St. Helen's, where the bank was kept; Mr. Burges's resided at Clapham, and Mr. Franklin had a town-house in Austin-friars, where, however, he spent little more time than served to settle the annual accounts with his partners, and in the funds; that completed, he gladly retired to a seat purchased by his father in a remote part of Devonshire, where he delighted to reside.

Miss Mary Franklin, his posthumous sister, and the only child then living besides himself of the numerous family left by their parents, was, by their melancholy demise,  
wholly

wholly dependent on her brother, to whom she was endeared by every tie of love and compassion; the mother's pregnancy not being known at the time the father died, no provision could be made for her in the disposition of his fortune; and Mrs. Franklin dying in child-birth without a will, her part was, pursuant to that of her husband, divided among the other children: but this misfortune the God of mercy turned to her advantage; her brother adopted, and brought her up with the tenderest paternal care; it was the benevolent wish of his heart to make up to his orphan-sister the loss of her parents; and the pitiable situation in which she was left had so many claims on a heart formed in Nature's softest mould, he had no pleasure equal to that of fostering his beloved sister; for her sake he had continued in the prime of his youth a bachelor; he would not trust to the influence, an amiable partner might have on his mind, the weal of a child wholly dependent on his love and care.

Let my sister grow up ; let me settle her, said the humane man, I will then think of myself ; but when one part of his desire was accomplished, that is, when his sister was arrived at years of maturity, the other not offering, he began to think matrimony would then come too late to increase his happiness, while it was very possible it might much interrupt the peaceful prerogative he had used himself to assume.

Mr. Franklin was the most modest, the most diffident of men ; there was but one point on which he was ever obstinate, that was, where an object of compassion offered that spoke to his heart ; it then signified nothing attempting to persuade him, or representing the unworthiness of the object in that case ; if they deceive me, he would say, be it on their own heads ; I gratify myself by relieving their distresses ; if those are fictitious, the pleasures resulting from doing my duty are real ; but on every other point he would give up his own judgment, which generally was very good, to that of  
any



any other person, whose assurance, or whose perseverance spoke more boldly to the purpose.

How should I be a judge of the proper or improper, in a young lady's education? said Mr. Franklin.

Mrs. Orthodox will take that trouble off your hands, answered the rector.

Now, the rector was perfectly acquainted with the generous disposition of his patron, and knew, if he consigned his sister to his wife, a very handsome acknowledgment would be made for her board, and the care he engaged she should take of the young lady.

The offer was the more acceptable, as Ether was the place where Mr. Franklin's heart was fixed, even while his person was called to the regions of pleasure.

Mrs. Orthodox undertook the education of Miss Franklin in obedience to her husband's will, though conscious of her own deficiency for such an important undertaking; but in lieu of those many things necessary, which Miss Franklin could *not* learn

## 82 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS,

at the rectory, the Doctor took wonderful pains to make her perfect in those that were unnecessary; she became imperceptibly, and quite undesired by Mr. Franklin, a female pedant; the Rector taught her the classics, and protested he should not rest till the Hebrew was as familiar to her as her mother-tongue; her proficiency was his pride; he exhibited on all occasions the extensiveness of her genius, well convinced it could not be admired without an oblique praise resting on her instructor. While every casual visitor was entertained by the Doctor on the subject of Miss Franklin's excellencies, the good woman, his wife, entertained her female acquaintance with accounts of the indolent and flatteringly habit of her young charge, which she found it impossible to correct; all that woman could do she did; but her labour and care on that and every other matter had a final period when Miss Franklin entered her eighteenth year, as she then died in a fever caught on harvest-home day, in the fortieth year of her age.

Doctor

Doctor Orthodox did not grieve like those who have no hope; but his beloved pupil being removed by her brother immediately after the death of his wife, it was natural for him to seek consolation from the source most likely to afford it. Dorothy Reddish, his dairy-maid, was a comely damsel of nineteen; it had often struck her master that Dolly was a pretty girl, and some malicious people did certainly say, that he had communicated those his favourable sentiments some time before his wife died to the maiden herself; be that as it may, he thought proper to translate her from the dairy to the parlour the first week after that event; the second he accompanied her to church, and conferred on her the honourable title of *his* wife.

Miss Franklin was handsome, learned, and satirical; she unmercifully lashed the follies of the men, and most heartily despised all the women who were not as learned as herself; and, as that description took in by far the greater number of her acquaintance, she was much feared, less

respected, and still less beloved; her accomplishments or defects, whichever the reader pleases, were too visible not to be generally known; and, notwithstanding the great riches of the brother, and his as great partiality for the sister; notwithstanding her beauty and understanding, she never had been seriously addressed. She had imbibed from the Rector a republican spirit, and was assisted by him in the history she was writing; but his age, though his intellects were not, in his own opinion, at all impaired, rendered his assistance tedious; and when he wrote for her, his writing was not always legible; the work was voluminous, and the wish to render it complete, by adducing every possible proof from other authorities, so strong, not only in the mind of Miss Franklin, but her reverend Coadjutor, that they were continually having recourse to the anecdotes of many other authors, which consequently prolonged the history, and delayed its conclusion; it was therefore with an eye to the assistance of young Dellmore she particularly patronized him, not that



her humanity wanted the stimulus of self-gratification, as she determined to render his situation as advantageous to him as pleasing to herself.

Mr. Franklin had not built a neighbourhood, but he had rendered happy the one established at Ether before his family bought the manor.

“ He held his seat a friend to human race.

“ Fast by the road, his ever-open door

“ Oblig’d the wealthy, and reliev’d the poor.”

Ether Vale is a beautiful spot in the south part of Devonshire; its inhabitants at that time principally consisted of the happiest sort of what is generally called poor people, namely, those whose dependence is on their honest industry; the place was not too populous for its produce, nor the number of the inhabitants fewer than was pleasing to society; it was at so great a distance from a market-town, that the villagers were glad to dispose of their different commodities one among another; every thing their own vale did not produce was considered as superfluities; nevertheless, as it must be in  
a remote

a remote spot indeed that people can content themselves without many things home will not produce, the Ether people drank their tea, and some of them were arrived at the luxury of a silk gown; but the poor's rate of the parish did not amount to a penny in the pound; the spirit of honest industry met with such encouragement, that want was not known among them; Mr. Franklin's purse was the resource of the painstaking, and his house the table of the poor; he was, in every eligible sense of the word, a neighbour to all mankind; his own manners were extremely simple, and his delight was to associate with those nearest his own plain practice; there were very few families of fortune near Ether, so that Mr. Franklin and his sister lived literally in retirement; this, with his constant attention to business, had preserved his heart from any very violent impressions; and, though I really am ashamed to own it, of a person I wish to be considered in a very amiable light, his peace, any more than his sister's, had not been much injured by love.

Some

Some few irregularities he was accused of; two or three handsome house-maids had been turned out in great wrath by Miss Mary, and soon after decently married to men who knew better than to wed a woman without some little fortune; on those occasions Mr. Franklin was said to be very liberal; and he always continued their friend, although the severity of Miss Franklin's principles would not suffer them ever to join the tenants and dependents at the manor.

Mrs. Hudson, at the Buck's Head, a buxom landlady of thirty-eight, had still, it was said, great influence over the squire; Matthew, her eldest son, being his godson, and placed by his particular order with the house-keeper at the manor, to learn to wait, against his return to Ether from London, Miss Franklin not carrying her scruples so far as to object to the son, though the mother was, in her opinion, no better than she should be.

Mr. Franklin, his sister, and Henry Dellmore, arrived in health and spirits at Ether manor,

manor, where Mr. Orthodox, his wife, and two daughters, were waiting to receive them.

Mr. Orthodox, a self-sufficient, haughty, over-grown priest, was accounted very learned; and the writer of this history not being herself a judge, will not say he was undeserving of that character; but, however well Dr. Orthodox might be acquainted with books, he had many, very many things to learn before he could boast of being either useful or agreeable to his fellow-creatures.

He was originally a bluecoat boy, son to a servant of Mr. Franklin's grandfather; and the advowson of the rectory being in the manor-gift, it had been bestowed on him by the late Mr. Franklin, who positively stipulated that he should preach himself every Sunday morning, except prevented by ill-health; and the present squire, in respect to his father's will, more perhaps than admiration of the Rector's preaching, held him to that agreement, a circumstance that was of material injury to the poor creatures



tures who accepted his curacy; those gentlemen being generally hired from some neighbouring parish to preach in the afternoon, where, as half a dozen old women, a lame tinker, and a few children, were the whole congregation, neither their merits or stipend were known to Mr. Franklin.

Mr. Orthodox was in commission of the peace; but as justicing is not *quite* so good a trade at Ether as it has been found to be in some other parts of the world, he very seldom acted; many were the altercations he had formerly had with his parishioners, and many were the law-suits began while Mr. Franklin was in London, tho' terminated without the decisions of juries at his return into the country; but the interposition of the squire was seldom cordially approved by the Rector; in order therefore to get rid of his umpire, he rented his tythes to a mercenary farmer, who dwelt not among the people from whom he exacted the uttermost farthing, and often excited the murmurs and curses of the parishioners; on all those occasions, when remonstran-

ces

ces reached the Doctor from the wealthy among his flock, (if the reader has the happiness to know any dignitary of the church of this description, he will not suspect the poor of having access to his sacred person) he was concerned, *much concerned*; but what could be done; it was a grievance out of his power to remedy; they must pardon him; he had little to do with temporal matters; he was devoted to study; he hoped Mr. Hobby would do nothing he could not abide by, but if he did, it was with himself. Vain now was every appeal to Mr. Franklin; the Doctor farmed his tythes to ease his age of fatigue; he could not give up a point for Mr. Hobby without also giving so much money out of his own pocket; this was a matter that often levied contributions on Mr. Franklin's purse, without in the least affecting the Rector.

But little as Mr. Orthodox had, as he said, to do with temporal matters, no man in the parish, I might say in the next, knew better how to clinch a good bargain in his dealings, or make nicer distinctions between

tween

tween the good and the very good at his table. Doctor Orthodox loved money; he was covetous in the extreme; but the passion for good eating exceeded his avarice; and his great generosity, in taking Dorothy Reddish as his lawful wife, who had been his humble hand-maid, was an instance of another passion to which love of money gave place.

The truth is, however high in *his* estimation was the value of riches, however desirable every thing that tended to the obtaining them, there was something more desirable than wealth, more valuable than power, and that was his own dear self; so that he regarded money but as the means of indulging his appetites, and of pleasing his senses; he had magnanimity enough to steel his heart against the wants of others, but was so convinced of his own great deserts, he grudged no money, no expences, to procure the most costly delicacies for his own table, which he would devour with such voracious greediness, that it was not seldom he was obliged to have recourse

course to an emetic before he went to rest; to gluttony and avarice he added a tyrannic, vain, imperious temper; he lived but for himself; if the world had any thing in it worthy the least comparison with his own merit, it was Miss Franklin, and hers was simply what she derived from *him*.

Mrs. Orthodox, very happily for her, had improved the natural little cunning of her disposition since she had been advanced from the dairy to the parlour; she was one of those sort of women who, destitute of understanding, breeding, or principle, could, by the simple rule of echo, render herself acceptable to those who were deficient in neither. Little indeed would the spirit of contradiction have availed her; Mr. Orthodox was of a kind of natural turn some people have ascribed to swine; he would neither lead nor drive.

Wrapt up in his own self-importance, he fancied the order of beings among whom he dwelt, formed only for *his* use and convenience; he could not brook the slightest contradiction; it was high treason for any  
one



one in his power to adopt an opinion of their own; poor Mrs. Orthodox never did; but though the aforesaid rule of echo was her constant practice, she was not the nearer being respected by her husband; her easy temper he imputed to folly, and ascribed to simplicity what was in reality the effect of cunning; she knew opposition would be vain, and therefore suffered him to go on his own way, although she was privately of opinion her advice, if taken, might often mend many things; she durst not oppose; he ruled with a rod of iron, and his wife and daughters were inured to compliment his dictates with a blind, though affected obedience; for though a gloomy silence, and methodical insipidity reigned at the Rectory while he was at home, the instant his back was turned, the moment the black velvet night-cap and brown damask banyan were left in the study, the whole house became Liberty-hall; hoarded bottles of mead, ale, and sometimes a little punch, with the best kitchen-cheer, was divided in great friendship between Mrs.

Hudson

Hudson of the Buck's-head, her son Mat, Mr. Filmer, the exciseman, the Miss Orthodoxes, and all the servants at the Rectory; but those private junketings, though it did not reach the ears of her husband, could not be concealed from the neighbourhood; it was spoken of with the usual exaggerations, and served to keep up the memory of the lady's origin, so as effectually to prevent her being taken any notice of by the few genteel females in the vicinity of Ether; and the doctor's haughty, dictating, pedantic manners, were so very disgusting, that few gentlemen chose to pay the price of ease and good-humour for his company; and another reason, perhaps equally strong, which kept the Rectory undisturbed by many visitors, was, that though Mr. Orthodox was seldom known to refuse an invitation, he was still seldomer known to give one.

At Ether manor Mr. Orthodox was at home; he gloried in Miss Franklin; of the classics he ever conversed with pleasure, but here their society was the height of human

human felicity ; a morning spent in Miss Franklin's closet was succeeded by an excellent dinner, generous wines, and warm invitations to consider himself at home. Indeed, his constant appearance at Mr. Franklin's table, the turn of the lady who presided there, and the indolent indifference of the Squire, added to the distance of the manor from any gentleman's seat in the neighbourhood, were so many reasons why there was seldom any other company ; indeed, it was almost as little frequented by mere visitors, as the Rectory itself. Joyful to the Doctor was the return of Mr. Franklin's family to Ether ; and, as his frequent absence from home gave the good woman an opportunity to indulge in the joy of her heart, being queen of the company ; and as it was moreover her interest, joyful was also his wife ; and if the sly glances from under their straw bonnets, their hoyden titter, and sheepish blushes might be credited, a smart handsome beau from London, was matter of glee to the young ladies.

Mr.

Mr. Franklin felt, as most men do who return, after a tedious absence, to a home they love, looked round with ineffable pleasure; the charms of nature appeared with redoubled beauty; the fragrance of the spring flowers were uncommonly delightful, and the ease and convenient elegance of his mansion appeared more desirable than ever; such were Mr. Franklin's ideas, and such had they long been, after every excursion to London.

Miss Franklin was no less pleased; she exulted at being restored to her favourite studies, to avocations that suited her elevated soul, to the society of her learned friend, and to the opportunity of perpetuating her fame to future ages by pursuing her history.

As to Dellmore, it was impossible, with so happy a contrast in his circumstances, that he could be sensible of any sensation but joy; and his grateful heart felt every pleasure augmented by the satisfied countenances of his benefactors.

Mr.



Mr. Orthodox and Miss Franklin embraced with the greatest cordiality; his wife was not so much honoured; the distance she kept, while she paid her awkward compliments, proved she did not expect it from Miss Franklin, who graciously condescended to nod, in return for her very low curtsies.

But the Squire made up, in his friendly salutation, for the reserve of his sister, giving the females first a warm smack round, bidding Dellmore follow his example, and then shaking the Rector heartily by the hand, to whom the dinner itself, though an exceeding good one, could be scarce more welcome.

After dinner Miss Franklin and the Doctor retired, and Mr. Franklin and Mrs. Orthodox fell fast asleep; both those matters being the usual and long adhered to, custom of the manor.

The young ladies, instead of strolling into the garden, finding out the rebuses in the magazine, or having a reluctant recourse to their work-bag, had now (delightful re-

verse!) an elegant young man to entertain them: from the moment he made his appearance, Miss Lavinia, the youngest of the Rector's daughters, set him down as the slave of her beauty, and determined to make the conquest at all events; not but this was a kind of treacherous innovation on the rights of her elder sister, as Miss Hannah's eyes had manifested the very same intention, one moment before her sister's, namely, when he handed Miss Franklin out of the coach; but Miss Lavy was unquestionably the handsomest, and to beauty, every well read young lady will tell you, because she is told it in five hundred half-bound books, from the circulating library, that all things right and wrong, common and uncommon, must yield. Henry Dellmore's heart answered all those descriptions; how then could he withstand a pair of languishing blue eyes, dying at him through the long dark eye-lashes of a country coquet? he certainly thought, before Mr. Franklin awoke, Lavinia was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, excepting only Clara Elton,

a dis-

a discovery very favourable to the lady's views; the interval was no less to his advantage, as, without any design on his side, both ladies had found him to be, not only handsome, but accomplished; he could dance, sing, and play on the flute, which being qualities that constituted, in their opinion, the tip-top of male excellence, rendered an intimacy with him who possessed it, a monstrous desirable thing; both parties being therefore so well disposed to each other, an agreement was entered into, the conditions of which were, that they would positively spend as much of their time as possible together; scarce was this important affair settled, when a period was put to their confab, by the re-entry of Doctor Orthodox, leading in Miss Franklin.

## CHAPTER VI.

*A Portrait.*

**T**HE Doctor's figure struck Henry with a kind of awe, very different from that he felt on contemplating the countenance of his benefactor; all the dignity of the sacerdotal character, when it annexes a narrow-souled fat man to a good living, was preserved in his looks.

Mr. Orthodox was about five feet high, and nearly the same round; his forehead being large, round, and shining, gave inimitable grace to the feather top of his well-dressed wig; his brows were grey, bristly, and prominent; they were not so well calculated to exhibit to advantage the lustre of his small black eyes; but his nose, which laid so flat, as to be entirely lost in his profile, by the redundancy of his cheeks, gave them an opportunity of appearing now and then: he had yet a set of strong yellow teeth; and his short  
chin



chin was graced with an enormous roll of red flesh, that hung on his chest in a profusion of folds ; his dress was generally an iron-grey coat, black velvet waistcoat and breeches, a handsome rose in his beaver, three or four mourning-rings on his finger, and square-toed shoes ; he was subject to the gout, the consequence of indulging his appetites, and walked rather tender in general, but the sight of Miss Franklin enlivened his very toes ; he actually stamp'd at his Dorothy for sleeping, and conducted his fair pupil to the sofa, with a look of proud disdain on the rest of the company.

Miss Franklin had, during the closet recess, disclosed her intentions with respect to young Dellmore, and with those intentions his story was so closely connected, that it was introduced without design on the part of the lady. As she looked on all kinds of discourse, that did not in some shape or other lead to wisdom and learning, as so much waste of that time *she* could so much better employ, it was therefore very briefly

that she related the misadventures of his life, and the motives on which he had attracted her notice.

This communication changed every idea formed by Mr. Orthodox of Henry; from a well-bred handsome youth, he was instantly converted into a proud upstart intruder; the gaiety of uncorrupted adolescence was called impudence; and his intelligent countenance set down as a mark of extreme ignorance.

Used, as Mr. Orthodox was, to be the oracle of his pupil, to have his judgment consulted, and his approbation asked on all occasions, he could the harder brook an innovation on what he deemed his own particular province; that Miss Franklin should presume to fix on an auxiliary in a work, the principal merit of which *he* took to himself, without first consulting him, was a matter *he* could by no means digest; and the idea of the person so honoured, being a beggar, aggravated the injury offered to his consequence; it inflamed his ruby face,

face, and heightened the contrast between his, at all times, rosy expanded countenance, and his snow-white wig.

Yet, arbitrary as all his proceedings were with those who were absolutely in his power, he was too well acquainted with his own interest, and too tenacious of the advantages that constituted the chief pleasure of his life, to risk either, by an open avowal of any of those sentiments that agitated him; he had employed himself during Miss Franklin's absence in researching history, ancient and modern, and making extracts to embellish and illustrate hers. In the instant of his exultation, when Miss Franklin was loading him with commendations, and thanks without number, it was no small mortification to be convinced that she had presumed it was possible to do without his services, by her engagement of a younger assistant; however painful this conviction was, he entertained hopes of inducing her to change her mind.

He ventured humbly to hope she had not suffered the humanity of her disposition

to influence her judgment in the choice of a secretary, or submitted the examination of his abilities to the report of others; he trusted she had fully informed herself, from her *own* observation, of his learning as well as capacity, because otherwise an illiterate transcriber *might*, and, it was to be feared, *would*, not only retard their joint labours, but when the work came to be criticised by the Universities, which, from the part he was well known to have had in it, there was no doubt but it would be, doubtless their penetration would at the first glance discover inaccuracies that must reflect on him, and, what was of much more importance to his happiness, the dear lady he had humbly endeavoured to qualify as mistress of science, the patroness of literature, and the model of learned female perfection, would be involved in his disgrace.

Miss Franklin was struck: this was a point on which she had not thought.

Mr. Puffardo had assured her that Henry was a fine classical scholar; but she had previously



ously discovered that Puffardo was a conjunction of ignorance and vanity; his word was therefore as little to be trusted as his judgment; and, as to herself, the manner and person of the young man had gained imperceptibly upon her; his society and pleasing openness of heart had agreeably engrossed her observation, inasmuch that no doubt of his abilities had yet interfered between her wish to retain him near her, and her opinion of his capability.

But, with all her partiality for Dellmore, Miss Franklin was an author; she flattered herself the work she was writing would be handed down to posterity; that succeeding ages would venerate her memory; that her fame would be immortal; and that her name would be second only to her predecessor, Hampden; how then could she be less than alarmed, when conscious of her own inattention to the qualifications of Dellmore for the office she designed him? She heard the insinuations of the crafty priest, and felt the propriety of his caution; she actually blushed at the recol-

lection of her own neglect, and too ingenuous to conceal her fault, frankly confessed her inattention.

The result was, an agreement that Mr. Orthodox should examine Dellmore; if he passed the fiery-ordeal, it was well; if not, if he proved inadequate to such an important employment, then by no means to trust him with a single page. The matter thus settled, they returned to the parlour, the Doctor, with additional pride in his own consequence, and a very contemptible opinion of our hero. He was seated exactly opposite Henry; and, while under Miss Franklin's authority, he examined every line in his face with more attention than good manners, Dellmore, whose modesty was in proportion to his understanding, felt himself abashed and over-awed; it was in vain, he shifted his seat, and betrayed every token of uneasiness; the bristly brow of the supercilious Doctor pursued him; he forgot not for a moment the insult offered his judgment in Miss Franklin's appointment; and poverty being the evil of all others most hateful

hateful to his soul, his proud heart swelled with indignation at such a cotemporary; often were his eyes malignantly fixed on the innocent cause of his anger, and as often scornfully withdrawn; he fancied he wholly despised a wretch so infinitely beneath his notice, while the pangs it gave him to consider him as an invader on his right were at once a painful and convincing proof that he feared the rising merit of the young man as much as he despised his poverty and misfortunes.

The day Mr. Orthodox had reckoned on as one of triumph and happiness, proved one of mortification and disappointment; they played a couple of rubbers at whist; the Doctor and his learned ally, though they held all the honours, were unmercifully beat by the squire and our hero, which so increased his ill-humour, that the goodness of the supper had but half power to restore him to an appearance of tolerable temper.

Mr. Franklin's coach conveyed his guests home just in time to save the credit of Orthodox; the strength of the wine, which

had not been spared, aided the irritation of his mind ; and the junction was beginning to grow troublesome; probably Mr. Franklin's observations might induce him to hurry the carriage, which drew up just as Mr. Orthodox was beginning a lecture on the beauty of modesty in *youth*.

When they reached the rectory Mrs. Orthodox ran into the study to lay the slippers before the fire, shake the banyan, and place the black velvet night-cap, which, when done, she assisted in taking off his blue roquelaure, camblet great coat, and untying the two silk handkerchiefs which fenced his throat from the night-air ; the amiable Doctor in the mean while puffing and pshawing, his cheeks working like a pair of bellows, and half grunting and half blowing, robed in his banyan, he threw himself into an easy chair, without speaking a single word but the afore-said fretful monosyllable.

Not discouraged, the good woman proceeded with great alacrity in her business; she got his wig gently laid on the table, his

cap



cap on, and then began to unbuckle his shoes; the young ladies in the mean while, accustomed to their father's evening insensibility, with great eagerness demanded each other's opinion of Dellmore.

Miss Orthodox was her father's favourite; if she, who was no otherwise distinguished than not to be quite so often subject to his ill-humours, could be so called; she thought, though at first glance of Dellmore he appeared tolerable, there really was something mighty insipid about him, something in his face too pretty for a man; he was not at all to her taste; she liked a man who looked as if he could eat any one who durst offend his mistress.

Miss Lavinia was her mama's doating piece; that good woman, judging by her own success, had vast ideas of the power of beauty; as she, whose first employ it had been to milk cows and feed hogs, had advanced to the high honour and felicity of bearing the name, and sharing the bed of the Rector; if with the single advantage of a pretty face such had been her extraordinary

ordinary fortune, what might not Lavy expect, who was still handsomer, had been a whole year at a Bristol boarding-school to learn every thing, could dance, play ever so many tunes on the spinnet and guittar, work tambour, and had read all the books from the circulating library at the next market-town? Oh! certainly, marry a lord; and really, from the information of those books which Lavy read out to her mama while she sat at work, as lords were, according to them, a set of beings who had no sort of passion for any thing but beauty; and, as many of them were distracted for mere chits, that nobody knew, she had no doubt but if Lavy could once be seen by the big folks, any one of them would be glad to make her a lady: this was partly the young lady's own opinion; but the grandeur of her expectation did not prevent her taking great pains to make a humbler conquest.

Lavinia could not agree with her elder sister in her opinion of Dellmore's insipidity; she acknowledged he was a fright; she could not bear him; he was a shocking,

odious creature, but far from insipid, to be sure he was very handsome, that he was, and sensible, but there was something about him so so; in short, he was her aversion.

Mama, as soon as she had recovered her breath, after removing her husband's first shoe, which, as he was very corpulent, and did not choose to consider himself as at all concerned in the operation, was a work both of time and labour, wiping her forehead, as she still continued in a kneeling posture, protested as how she thought Misteer Dellmore a pretty behaved young man, and, withal, very genteel; as to his legs, she never seed a handsomer pair in her born days.

This declaration roused the Doctor; the large red roll of flesh, yclept a double chin, which, weighing down his head, filled the ample space between his two shoulders, felt a contraction from his rage.

*You*, said he, kicking his other shoe off with great violence, full at his wife, are a fool; he is a beggarly vagabond, a scoundrel, not worth a groat.

Miss

Miss Orthodox glancing, a spiteful sneer at her sister, declared she thought so.

Poor Mrs. Orthodox, frightened out of her wits, at having once in her life ventured to give *her* opinion before she had consulted her husband, instantly set about retracting, and gently drawing on his slippers, Oh! laws me, deary; well, to be sure, who'd a thought it? Oh! for certain, you knows best; and if he is a vagabon, to be sure that alters the case.

I do know, answered Orthodox, in a loud hollow tone, he is a scoundrel.

He looks it, cried the dame, quite in piano, nodding significantly.

Miss Lavy nodded also, but it was a nod of a very different meaning,

Mrs. Orthodox's nod said, all you say is right, and I am resolved to be of your opinion; her daughter's expressed no such matter.

If there were one man on earth more the contempt and disgust of Lavinia than another it was her father; and since Henry Dellmore was so exceedingly disliked by him,



him, she immediately pronounced him, in her own mind, the person to please her; her nod was therefore one of obstinate defiance.

Get my bed ready; bring up the keys, and, d'ye hear, wenches, no more of Dellmore, said the priest, as he staggered off.

Mrs. Orthodox still answered every purpose of a servant; she had the felicity of being a slave to her husband's humour as well as his person; and he was ingenious enough to trace every disagreeable event to owe its source, by some means or other, to his condescension, in marrying her, which she, never having contradicted him in her life, generally agreed to, echoed his *yes*, and repeated his *no*. This night she was an unusual sufferer; the disturbance in his brain prevented his falling into his customary sound nap; and not having it in his power to vent his ill-humour on Henry, he transferred it to his wife.

He began by explaining, for the thousandth time to her, the nature of the various obligations a man of his profound wisdom,

dom, learning, and consequence, conferred on any woman, when he entered into the marriage state, and ended by proving, from the low situation from which he raised her, and her great deficiencies, that it was absolutely impossible for her, in the whole course of her life, to do all she could, to make him the least amends for the honour he had done her.

It was very happy for Mrs. Orthodox that her feelings were not very troublesome; she could say as he said, without thinking at all about the matter, and embrace the Doctor quite as close, when he was taking all the pains in the world to convince her how unworthy she was of such happiness, as when he extended to her the hand of cordiality.

The Miss Orthodoxes, whatever other amiable qualities they might possess, were not famous for sisterly love; they were particularly this night very ill company.

Miss Orthodox declared, she knew the instant she saw Dellmore, he was no body.

Miss

Miss Lavy, with as little ceremony, charged that opinion to malice, because he had not paid his court to her, when, to be sure, there was the best excuse in the world for his rudeness, since it was evident his eyes were not in his own power; and indeed she was sorry to say it, but she believed, if her sister refused her favourable opinion of every young man till one was found who in some peoples company preferred others, she might wage perpetual war with the whole sex; for to be sure, as Miss thingemy, the writer, says,

“Beauty has a commanding power.”

Well, sister, you amaze me, replied Miss Orthodox; your vanity, believe me, is the only conspicuous thing about you. Madam, (with an ironical curtsy) I give your beauty joy of your beggarly conquest.

Madam, I am sensible of your zeal for my welfare; my conquest will not better his fortunes by paying court to my *eldest sister*.

You are a pert slut, retorted Miss Orthodox.

You

You are my *eldest sister*, and it is hard you should not be served first, answered Lavy.

You are beneath my notice.

Above it, you mean.

Miss Orthodox was unfortunately like her father, short and thick; Lavinia resembled her mother, who was of the tall middle size.

Huffy, said the elder, enraged at a reflection she could least bear, because it was a mortifying truth, say another word, and I'll box your ears.

Pray, Miss, how will you employ me the while? answered the younger, walking up to her, with the true Amazonian stride of defiance, and a look that indicated very little apprehension.

Miss Orthodox burst into tears; she would tell her papa, that she would; he should know all; yes, she would acquaint him of Lavy's evening walks down the orchard, to meet Fillmer the exciseman; see what he would say to her beauty; beauty, indeed, but it was no wonder fellows should  
take



take liberties, when girls were so forward.

Lavinia, alarmed at the hint of a flirtation she had carefully kept secret from her sister, and, as she thought, from every body else, was confounded; but she had a certain intrepidity in her composition that would not suffer her to give up; she imputed all her sister said to envy, and flounced to her own bed.

Oh dear, envy; good night, Madam beauty;—Yes, envy; good night, Madam spight, as she shut her own door, leaving the enemy in possession of the field.

## CHAPTER VII.

*The candid Examination.*

**N**EXT morning Dellmore, attended Mr. Franklin round the grounds, and returned to the breakfast-room by ten.

Miss Franklin was playing with a teacup, with a thoughtfulness on her brow, which not being usual, excited her brother's curiosity; he enquired after her health, and received a satisfactory answer; and she was on the point of accounting for her serious looks, just as Mr. Orthodox was announced.

Miss Franklin had for years back spent her mornings with her tutor; and Mr. Franklin now concluding Henry was to make a third in their parties, left them together as soon as breakfast was over.

The lady had passed a more restless night than she had lately done; her partial imagination decked the young orphan in every  
thing

thing that was amiable; she hoped his abilities would be found equal to the employment she designed him, and felt a painful anxiety in the idea of a disappointment. Mr. Orthodox was now come to prove him, and she trembled with apprehension of the result.

Henry found in himself an invincible shyness before the Rector; he was not conscious of any cause; but inexperienced and unsuspicious as he was, it was nevertheless very easy to perceive he was little in that gentleman's favour, a matter the more distressing to him, as he found the Doctor's influence, and feared he might inspire Miss Franklin with his own causeless prejudices.

The Doctor placed himself, with great pomposity, opposite our hero, fixing the small black twinklers, I have already described, on his face; void himself of modesty, as of feeling, with all the pride of ostentatious independence, he bore down on poor Dellmore, who had a great share of both, as well as the keenest sense of the miserable situation from which he had been

so lately relieved, with so little ceremony, delicacy, or good-nature, his pride increasing with his triumph, and *that* founded on the modest diffidence of my hero, that at the end of the preconcerted examination, he was pronounced not only unqualified to assist Miss Franklin in her history, but a very ignorant young man.

The consequence of this decision was, the withdrawing, with unspeakable reluctance, on the part of the lady her intentions with respect to the keeping him under her own immediate protection; but his imputed ignorance had not power to deprive him of her favour. She imparted his deficiencies to her brother with great good-nature and tenderness, who again proposed sending him to the bank; but that she would by no means submit to; the living of the Vale was in Mr. Franklin's gift; Mr. Orthodox would not always live; why not send him to Oxford, and make him a parson?

My dear Mary, cried Mr. Franklin, what are you talking of? do you suppose a youth,  
who



who has not grammar enough for your secretary, will be found scholar sufficient for a clergyman?

Why not? answered she smartly; he will not indeed be a Mr. Orthodox, but a very little learning suffices to make a modern parson; he may be as useful to a country congregation without classical knowledge, as with it: I beg he may take orders; and when the living becomes vacant, he will be provided for. Those were Miss Franklin's avowed designs for our hero; her brother's were less limited; nevertheless, he had accustomed himself so much to accord to her sentiments on all occasions, and his own private wishes being rather general than well-concerted, he contented himself with not opposing hers, but with all his deference to her judgment, and desire to oblige her, he had some foolish scruples about him, that were not easy to get over.——It was not, in his opinion, merely having a living to bestow, that gave him authority to make a youth a divine, whose own disposition would coun-

teract his intentions, and if it did not render him miserable, in a profession he might dislike, it would perhaps have such an influence over his life and manners, as might discredit the sacred character, and add one more to the many who already live on the spoils of religion, while their practices are a disgrace to morality. It was not, in Mr. Franklin's opinion, merely enough that

“ The holy fillet bound the brow, not  
 “ before the altar, to present the public  
 “ victim to usher a nation's vows to the eter-  
 “ nal throne” only, but “ that Virtue  
 “ should own him for her servant, Bene-  
 “ volence and Piety guide his will, Bene-  
 “ ficence and Charity his deeds.”

He therefore closeted Dellmore on the occasion, and was surprised to find the young man, according to his notions, abounded in knowledge and understanding. He had not depth of learning enough to find out Henry's deficiencies, nor could he perceive on what grounds Doctor Orthodox had pronounced him ignorant.

But

But *his* examination was very different from what our hero underwent before Mr. Orthodox; the gentle, friendly, encouraging manner of his benevolent patron, excited in him a warm desire to acquit himself to his satisfaction; all the powers of his soul were called forth, and he readily acceded to Miss Franklin's desire of taking orders. He was young, it is true, but the sorrows he had already known, and those he might have yet been exposed to, had it not been for the goodness of his benefactors, were too forcibly impressed on his imagination to suffer him to hesitate, or one instant oppose their intentions; and though he had no particular desire to mount the sacred rostrum, neither was he conscious of any latent vices that should prevent his adopting the mode of life most agreeable to his friends: he gratefully accepted Mr. Franklin's offer to go to Oxford; and Miss Franklin, to her great joy, found herself gratified in the then first wish of her heart.

But although the future destination of Dellmore was fixed on by his friends, it

was not by any means their wish soon to part with him; on the contrary, they resolved he should continue with them the summer, and set out for Oxford at the same time that they left Ether. This point settled, Mr. Orthodox found, to his extreme satisfaction, that he had no reason to apprehend a rival in the literary favour of his pupil; his features, therefore, relaxed in their severity, and he did Henry the favour of wholly overlooking him.

Mr. Franklin, charmed with his companion, felt the pleasures of his morning rambles, and enjoyed his rural amusements with a goût hitherto unknown; he observed, with an affection that daily increased, a thousand nameless graces which adorned the mind of Henry; he saw he was generous and liberal; and it was the delight of his heart to supply his purse with ample means to gratify his wishes; on every subject he had the pleasure to hear his own sentiments delivered with propriety, ease, and elegance, by his young friend; nor is that to be wondered at, since real goodness and unaffected



affected philanthropy speak every language under heaven; the same beneficent ideas, the same benevolent purpose, the same charity for the errors of frail nature, and the same enthusiastic love of virtue will fill the sensible uncorrupted mind over the whole globe; not perhaps so polished will be the manners, not so refined the sentiments, but the thing is the same; and heaven's best gift, an heart filled with reverence for the Creator, and universal love to the created, will give joy among all human creatures. How many well educated men of the world might learn real politeness from a savage? how many of the mitred sons of Britain take lessons of true religion from the sable inhabitants of Africa? and, ladies, with humility, with respect, with deference, I ask, how many among you, whose scornful eye and hardened heart turn unmoved from the distress, the sorrow, the penitence of a fallen sister, might be taught, from the practice of a naked Indian, that *your hearts* are not the seats of real virtue? modest meek-eyed

maid, with what abhorrence dost thou retreat from souls that are estranged from the power of thy favourite sister? Where charity dwelleth not, there assuredly will virtue never be found.

Oh! but we are charitable, we give our alms in the sight of the congregation. Weak answer! you are unacquainted with charity universal; you feel not the expansion of a candid mind; you know not how many other real virtues there are besides the single one on which you stand with such proud security.

The walks and amusements our hero shared with Mr. Franklin were also varied sometimes by the society of the Orthodoxes. Lavinia's eyes, notwithstanding the prohibition of her father, continued their soft battery against the heart of Henry; that heart, far from being insensible to beauty, became softened, though not absolutely captivated. In truth, the unamiable dispositions of the Misses at the Rectory, were too visible to suffer a lasting impression of their charms to remain on such a heart as Henry Dellmore's:

more's; he was enchanted when the soft, gentle voice of Lavinia invited him to walk, dance, or sing with her; but when, from the same tongue, he heard the most satirical, ill-natured speeches, directed to, or spoken of, her own sister, the wound instantly closed, and became like a common cut, the more callous by healing.—Lavinia, however, was not discouraged; and though Dellmore was as perfect a Stoic as most young men of eighteen, he could not but be flattered by her attentions, and allured by her charms.

Occasions of being together insensibly increased, and opportunities for toying and romping ever offered the moment the young ladies appeared. Dellmore was guiltless of a thought of seduction; indeed, that was a crime he held in the utmost abhorrence; but want of those old-fashioned guards, “modesty and discretion,” so exposed poor Lavinia to danger, and put her in the power of her own passions so much, that she owed it entirely to her sister's officious envy, and Dellmore's sense of ho-

nour, that hers was preserved till *he* left the country.

It was not only in the eyes of Lavinia that Henry grew irresistible; Miss Franklin's soul was in alt, enveloped in the clouds, holding converse with dead heroes; yet even there did living perfection, in the form of a handsome young man, reach her. She began by finding out, that his sprightly conversation was an agreeable relaxation from too intense study to the mind; and a walk, hanging on his arm, was equally salutary to the health of the lady; his fine figure, and the laughing graces of his conversation, which, as he was free from care, were always lively and amusing, found way into a heart where hitherto learning and Dr. Orthodox had reigned without a rival; her closet amusements lost their goût, and it was not only mere relaxation, but soon the whole morning's study was sacrificed to a ramble with Mr. Franklin and Dellmore: Dr. Orthodox and Oliver Cromwell were losing ground in her favour very fast. When the time arrived that was fixed on for



for Henry's departure to Oxford, the Doctor, whose penetration was very keen where his interest was concerned, saw, with inward spite and vexation, the decrease of his empire over the mind of his pupil, and rejoiced in the removal from her of an object equally hateful and dangerous.

Mrs. Orthodox had observed, as well as her daughter, the extreme fondness of Mr. and Miss Franklin for Dellmore, and concluded, not unnaturally, that so great a favourite would be very amply provided for; they therefore, that is, *mama* and *daughter*, entered into a combination to make Miss's fortune by marriage: Dellmore, had not, indeed, any hope of a title; but there would, according to the foregoing conclusion, be wealth enough to compensate for that falling-off in the original value set on Miss Lavy's beauty; and having her daughter succeed to the manor-house and Ether estate, was a matter that highly gratified the ambition of Mrs. Orthodox, and greatly flattered Miss.

It was very plain that Henry was not so great a favourite with the Doctor as he was with his wife: although she did not openly avow her partiality, nothing could exceed her kindness, when, as it sometimes happened, he stole off to the Rectory while the Doctor was engaged with Miss Franklin, and the squire taking his afternoon's nap; then it was hardly possible to say which was his greatest admirer, Mrs. Orthodox or Miss Lavy; the former was indefatigable in procuring opportunities for the young couple to be *deeply in love*: happily, the young man was sent to the University very soon after this league was formed between the ladies, and before he was irrecoverably entangled, or any injury done either to his peace or Lavinia's honour.

At the conclusion of the summer, the time fixed for his leaving Ether, Mr. Franklin, who, now parting with Henry, felt for the first time in his life, he should find the manor a wearisome solitude, prevailed on his sister to accompany him to London, whither

whither they went together, and from thence, still loth to part, Mr. Franklin accompanied our hero to Oxford, where he consigned him to the particular care of a Mr. Otway, a fellow of Christ's College, who, notwithstanding Mr. Othodox's opinion to the contrary, found him a scholar and a gentleman, which is as much as can possibly be said, consistent with truth, of a young man just entered his nineteenth year.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *Judicious Choice of Friends in a Girl of Sixteen.*

MR. Franklin found his affections so strongly bound to Henry Dellmore, that he began seriously to think of wholly retiring from London, in order, when it would be proper to remove the fortunate orphan home, to lay a plan for him that would be to his future advantage as much

as *his* private satisfaction. On his first interview with Mr. Burgefs, he intimated a desire wholly to decline business: the honest quaker felt the same inclinations: his wife, whom he tenderly loved, had long laboured under accumulating disorders, and he could not bear to trust her in her invalid state to those whose reward would be in her pay, not her preservation.

The partners were yet increasing their riches and credit, and the concerns of the house were too extensive to admit a possibility of its being dissolved without long notice and great preparation; they therefore signified their intention to the third partner.

Mr. Levifage looked to this event with inexpressible impatience; for tho' his profits, during the seventeen years that he had taken what men of business call the labouring-oar, had enabled him to realize a large fortune, and support his family in splendour, yet More, More was Mr. Levifage's creed. That he owed his present affluence and future prospects to the kindness of Mr. Franklin, to  
whose



whose father he had been foot-boy, and, that with the learning a charity-school afforded, added to a peculiar fervility of disposition, great application, and some cunning, he had been raised to a runner, then clerk, and now partner, were matters by no means necessary to be thought of; he remembered only that Messrs. Franklin and Burges took no sort of trouble in the business; that he had been the slave of those gentlemen ten years, during which period neither of them had any further concerned themselves in the affairs of the bank, than just to ascertain their share of the profits; that he worked for them; and that finally, as they had no family, it was a shame they did not retire from trade.

Those sentiments rendered the designs of his partners very pleasing to him, yet, anxious as he was to be sole, it was agreed on all sides they could not adjust their concerns so as to dissolve the firm in less than three years, and then, to his great mortification, Mr. Burges hinted that he should wish to place a nephew's name in the bank  
in

in his room, with a suitable capital, after that of Mr. Levifage's.

The proposal did not quite so well suit Mr. Levifage's wishes, but it would have been madness *now* to dispute what he well knew he could not refuse; he therefore silently acquiesced, in hope something might happen that would give him an excuse for evading Mr. Burgess's plan, without incurring the charge of ingratitude; as to the other two partners, they were really as liberal in their principles as they were easy in their fortunes; their whole lives had passed without a single difference; their intentions were fair, and their actions just; they were content with moderate acquisitions, and happy in the advantages they shared, without one particle of envy in the composition of either; they rejoiced in mutual prosperity, and, attached by reciprocal esteem, knew not a separate interest; the adjustment of his affairs, as far as it could now be done, detained Mr. Franklin in town till the summer was far advanced, and an indisposition,

disposition, which then seized his sister, carried them, by advice of her physicians, to Bath and Bristol, where they continued till winter, when business recalled them to London.

During this period Mr. Franklin did not forget to contribute all in the power of indulgence and liberality to the happiness and interest of Henry Dellmore; nor did he satisfy himself with epistolary kindness, as he made several excursions to visit the youth on whom his affections were so partially fixed.

Miss Elton too found in his attention and tenderness a most endearing substitute for the parent she had lost, and in Miss Franklin a warm and sincere friend, who, though she partook of very few of the winter entertainments through choice, did a violence to her own inclinations to indulge Clara, who, with the Miss Nappers, were invited guests, most part of the winter, in Austin-friars.

Mr. Franklin one morning was visited in his closet by his ward; she came to ask a favour.

You

You know, my dear, I have no pleasure equal to obliging you. What would my pretty Clara ask?

Her governess was the worthiest of women, but very unfortunate. She had just now a pressing occasion for two hundred pounds; Would Mr. Franklin be so good as to advance it?

Two hundred pounds, Clara! what can Mrs. Napper want with two hundred pounds?

Mrs. Napper owed her landlord two hundred pounds, and he, *cruel* man, threatened to seize her goods; now, if Mr. Franklin would consent to lend the money, she would give a bond, and Clara would herself stand to the risk.

Mr. Franklin, very unseasonably, as the young lady could not help thinking, advised her to be on her guard; artful people would certainly work on her humanity, if they found she did not distinguish between acts of prudent generosity and those of folly, weakness, or ostentation; of the last he knew she was incapable, but it was possible



sible to impose tales on her inexperience, that appearing to wear the irresistible form of distress, might draw her into measures that would expose her to the censure of the former.

What rent did Mrs. Napper pay? Clara did not know.

Because, my dear, continued Mr. Franklin, to amount to such a sum, it must have been long unpaid. Clara dropped a tear; she could not bear to see her dear good governess in distress.

Mr. Franklin felt all the tenderness towards his ward that her good nature merited; but though there never was a more expanded, a more generous heart than his own, he could not help apprehending the influence of the Nappers over hers; however, he told her, if she were satisfied with the conduct of her governess, and convinced her necessity was the result of misfortunes, and not of imprudence,

Oh! dear, she was the best creature in the world, and if the money could not be borrowed she would be ruined; she must  
give

give up her school, and what would become of the dear girls, her daughters ?

Well, if that were really the case, Mr. Franklin would advance the money himself. Miss Elton was too young, and knew too little of the world to trouble herself with money-matters ; he begged she would not on any account become a lender herself, but apply to him, who should always have a pleasure in obliging her.

The prudent guardian had more reason than what he assigned for this precaution.

Miss Elton, in full confidence of the honour and honesty of her governess, so that she was served, cared not how her guardian settled it, whether he was the lender or herself ; she flew to her with the joyful tidings.

Mr. Franklin, Mrs. Napper said, was the worthiest of men, the widow's friend, the orphans protector. Jemima, who was then on a visit with Clara at Austin-friars, fell at his feet ; no acknowledgments were wanting to convince him he had done a god-like act ; nevertheless, there was something  
in

in the transaction that did not entirely please him on recollection; the governess and her daughters seemed to shew that all was not quite so fair within as without; their fondness for Miss Elton was extravagant; she was, to be sure, the sweetest picture in the world of gentleness and good nature; *and* she was an independent heiress to two thousand pounds a year, which were accumulating, and would, by the time she came of age, considerably add to her fortune. Mrs. Napper's embarrassed circumstances might suggest to her the advantage of such a connection; he could not but suspect that such a thoughtless mother, and daughters, who took little care, (so that they could be at the first in each new mode, and shew their pretty faces at all places of public resort,) how those indulgences were procured, might connive at Miss Elton's forming connections more suitable to their interest than her own; and his suspicion filled him with inexpressible pain; in hopes of weaning her from so improper an attachment, he proposed to his ward her accompanying

panying them to Ether, and passing the summer with Miss Franklin.

The bare mention of such a thing threw Miss Napper into hysterics, and deprived Jemima of the power of utterance.

You will there, continued Mr. Franklin, see your friend Henry Dellmore.

Clara's eyes sparkled, but she hoped he would excuse her attending him down: some time in the course of the summer, if he pleased, she should be honoured by his permission to attend him.

Mr. Franklin gave up, with great reluctance, his wish to take her with them, and inwardly resolved to lose no time in breaking an intimacy which his knowledge of the world convinced him was absolutely dangerous; and when they parted, the worthy banker to Ether, and the young ladies to East Sheen, he reminded her of his firm dependence on her promise to visit the vale.

Mr. Franklin may, perhaps, incur some blame for leaving his ward in such hands, but it must be from those who do not know that the whole business of his existence was to  
render



render others happy, even though it were often at his own expence; and where opposition to the wishes of those he favoured with his love and friendship was required, he always wanted resolution.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *Wonderful Refinements in a Country Village.*

ETHER village, at the time I introduced my readers to it, had a church, a manor-house, and rectory; on one side stood Dr. Gregory's, the apothecary's fine new built house; Lawyer Downes, who was also steward to the squire, and the Buck's Head on the other; in the middle was a mixture of a few tradesmen, shopkeepers, and decent labourers. Now and then a base-born child fixed a stigma on a whole family, and made an idle fellow run the country; and some of the farmers, in spite of all their careful dames could say, would run up a score at the Buck's Head; excepting those,

those, though there was plenty of scandal, there were no vices at Ether.

In that situation we found, and in that situation we left Ether Vale ; but the short time that had carried Mr. Franklin to London, Bath, and Bristol, had done wonders in Ether.

After a long war, the blessings of peace were restored to Britain, and had returned some young gentlemen to Ether Vale, whose martial spirits had enlisted them under the banner of Bellona in the service of their country, as officers in the militia, after a vast deal of *hard service*, in a camp, where *sometimes* the rain had broken in on their easy *slumbers* at dead of night, marching and counter-marching with Major Sturgeon, through evolutions and revolutions ; they had returned, among others, to the seat of their nativity, without loss of blood, or amputation of limb, but they had, nevertheless, not brought back all they had carried with them into the inland wars ; their modesty, simplicity, veracity, and sobriety, had fallen victims to their *honour*.

But

But in lieu of those ridiculous qualities, they returned humble imitators of the vices, the folly, and extravagance of their superiors. Captain Marsh, son of a gentleman farmer, who left an estate that intitled him to a Captain's commission; Lieutenant Downes, son to Lawyer Downes; Ensign Wells, nephew to Mrs. Hudson, landlady of the Buck's Head; two serjeants, and five privates, were all natives of Ether and its neighbourhood, and "Othello's occupation 'being o'er,'" were come back to teach the simple villagers wisdom, polish their manners, and be an useless burthen on their respective families.

The three worthies I have mentioned, namely, Capt. Marsh, Lieutenant Downes, and Ensign Wells, were all exactly in the same predicament; they had quality appetites and empty purses; their wit, assurance, and a suit of tolerable regimentals, were the whole of their possessions; but wit and assurance were two things the Ether people had not been used to, and the red coats frightened the children as much as it

*alarmed*

*alarmed* the old folks who had daughters. Squire Franklin was in London, and Dr. Gregory too much charmed with the extreme delicacy of his fine house, to risk its being put out of order by visits from people who could not afford to be sick : old Downes, besides, being a miser, had a handsome housekeeper, so that there was not a person in the place, except among the common people, who promised any civility, or whose civility would have been to the advantage of our heroes, save at the Rectory ; *there, indeed, was*

Good cheer—fine women—and a rich old parson.

Ah ! but how to get there !

We'll try, however.

The first Sunday after their return, the regimentals, hair dressed à la militaire, stiff plaited chitterling, and silk stockings, were *sported* at church ; Dr. Orthodox took *his* nap there ; *he* never preached when the Franklins were absent ; but disbanded militia officers were not of a complexion to get a footing at the rectory ; the ladies, indeed,



indeed, sent some cordial glances to their pew, and returned to their fine bows a prodigious civil curtsy.

But the priest, when service was ended, walked down the aisle, across the church-yard, thro' his own porch, into his parlour, with his double chin resting on the center of his breast, his eyes fixed downward, without disturbing the powder of his nice feather-top-wig, by the least motion of his head one way or the other, or condescending to pay the smallest attention to the divine red-coats, the range of parishioners, who, though they equally hated and despised old Orthodox, could not help cringing to the rich Rector; or lastly, without seeming to see the respectful attendant steps of a tall, thin, pale-faced young man, in bad shoes, dearned stockings, shabby wig, and rusty black coat, who followed him to his door, and there, with an unnoticed bow, retreated to make way for Mrs. Orthodox and her daughters, to whom he also made respectful obeisance, and by whom also it was disregarded.

Not so were our martial heroes to be repulſed; the girls were pretty, their mother ſilly, and the old Rector rich.

The Miſs Orthodoxes wore not the appearance of prudery. The Captain and Lieutenant were ſtruck dead by their bright eyes, and they contrived to let a whole volley of ſighs reach their ears in the ſhort walk from the church-porch to that of the Rectory; from thence they adjourned to the Buck's Head, and invited Mrs. Hudſon into the parlour.

Enſign Wells was her nephew, and “ ſartainly ſhe would do all in her power to ſarve his friends; to be ſure the parſon muſt be worth a power of money.”

Oh! d——n the money, they did not want money; now that dame Hudſon knew to be a fib, but nevertheless —

Oh! to be ſure, if folks can't be happy, what ſignifies money, though, to ſay the truth, (Do you dine here to-day, Gentlemen)? there is no doing without it in this world, I am ſure I find it ſo, and, God forgive

give me, I often think the devil himself invented scores.

Well, but the lovely Miss Orthodoxes.

Oh! bless their hearts, they are sweet creatures, and a thousand pities, I have always said it is, that they should be kept up so, poor dears.

Well, but Mrs. Hudson, what is the amount of our bill?

Dear Sir, pray don't hurry yourselves; I wish 'twas a hundred pounds, as the saying is, but I'll step and cast it up; and tho' she begged the gentlemen would not hurry, she was herself disposed to make all imaginable haste to give them the requested information.

Stay, landlady, stay, said Capt. Marsh, I do owe you an hundred pounds.

Mrs. Hudson stared.

I say I do, and will pay it too, when, lowering his voice, I marry Miss Orthodox.

Mrs. Hudson was quite angry. I have before said this woman lived house-maid at Squire Franklin's; she had also lived in other families, and some time in London,

therefore, experience might have taught her a meaning not merely literal, for Captain Marsh's liberal promise. Be that as it will, she was, as I said, quite angry.

What did Captain Marsh mean? Did he think she was to be bribed? No, thank God, she was above all them sort of things; she fertainly would, when time served, introduce the gentlemen to her good friend, the Rector's lady, but not for lucre of gain, no, she despised that.

Mr. Orthodox having no Miss Franklin now to entertain him at the manor, passed his time at home; the morning he spent in his study, and the remainder of the day was devoted to eating and drinking, so that by nine o'clock he was ready for bed, where he generally fell into a profound sleep as soon as he laid himself down.

Mrs. Orthodox's time of living was when her husband was in a temporary death; and though the late hour in which she could receive her friends made a great break into their night's rest before they parted, yet, as the time was spent in conviviality, graced by  
a hearty



a hearty welcome, the want of sleep was not regretted.

Ensign Wells was invited to those stolen feasts, as being Mrs. Hudson's near relation, and very soon the good landlady contrived to bring *his* friends there also.

Mr. Franklin's absence from the manor was a subject of general lamentation to Mrs. Orthodox and her friends; no such thing as doing the genteel thing when the Doctor was at home.

In the mean while great was the alteration a little time was making in Ether, and rapid were the improvements of its inhabitants; the militia gentlemen undertook to polish the Vale; in this arduous undertaking they were assisted in the lower class by the two serjeants and privates; the respective wives, sisters, cousins, and relatives to the fourth or fifth generation of those heroes, who were come home to plant cabbages, were instructed in the etiquette of visiting; parties were formed, cards played, debts contracted, and girls ruined, in a place where dissipation was not before known,

where idleness and vice had been held in abhorrence.

A dance, they dignified with the name of an assembly, was established once a week at the Buck's Head; thither the several farmers daughters repaired; some with, and some without their lovers, rejoiced at an opportunity of exhibiting to advantage the luxury of their new pink ribbands and fine flowered gowns.

Thither too were the Miss Orthodoxes suffered, by their imprudent mother, to go.

The Doctor always took up the keys of the doors with him, and, as the young ladies were obliged to sit in the room till he retired, they had to dress in a hurry, to join an assembly hardly half an hour before the rest of the company broke up, and were obliged to get out and return through the parlour window.

Mrs. Orthodox had little doubt of the honour of such fine fair-spoken gentlemen, and still less of her daughters prudence. The gentlemen were certainly very attentive; and rather than part so soon, when the  
rest

rest of the dancers were gone, persuaded their fair partners to take a ramble by moon-light.

If there be such a thing as happiness in this world, the Miss Orthodoxes were now happy; the little quarrels that had disunited them on Henry's account were all subsided; they had each a passionate lover, and were each satisfied with the power of her own charms, and that is a nostrum. Let doctors say what they will of medicine, let Warren, Sanguine, Madam Pigou and all the makers and venders of charms, boast as they please of the infallibility of their cosmetics, that is more conducive to the health and beauty of a young woman than all the inventions of man and woman put together.

Captain Marsh was perfectly genteel, abounded in small talk, could repeat most of the tender scenes in Romeo and Juliet, dance a minuet with the Pas grave, and his estate proved how little he valued money, as mortgage had succeeded mortgage, till not a shilling more could be borrowed; and

the noble Captain had barely enough now to support him till he should be able to carry off Miss Orthodox, and persuade the old parson to part with some of the trash that he was hoarding up, neither of which points he had any doubt of carrying; not that, as he said to the landlady of the Buck's Head, he valued money, *no*, he despised such dirty considerations, but he had, as well as *his* estate to redeem, two sisters fortunes to pay; one of whom teized him perpetually for her five hundred pounds; the other — but of her some time hence.

So that it was necessary for the Captain to be in love, and to elope: Miss Orthodox had no objection to either, but an impediment the gentleman knew not how to get over, and the lady little suspected, retarded the affair; an impediment, please your honours, members of the privy-counsel, that has been known to retard many an affair of equal consequence to you, it could not be greater than this was of to them, viz. want of cash.

Old Downes, father to the Lieutenant, not having chosen to trust *him* with much money,



money, *he* had learnt to live by his wits at the expence of such noble-minded personages as Captain Marsh; and even at Ether he found means to bear his expences by his adroitness; what with bets at the Buck's Head, playing fives in the church-yard, and now and then a game of all-fours, put, bowls, and cribbage, he did pretty well. His father, while he forbore asking for money, told him he was welcome to the run of the house, provided (his mother being dead) he could pay his court to Mrs. Betty, the housekeeper.

Mr. Downes was certainly smitten with Lavinia Orthodox, but not with the matrimonial influenza; he was too much a man of the world for that, and above feeling the smallest compunction at ruining an innocent girl.

Miss Lavinia was deep-read in sentimental novels; she had read till she melted in tenderness; her heart panted for temptation; her eyes, from the time Henry left Ether, had vainly roved in search of the dear engaging youth, who was to expire at her

feet; those delightful stories had rendered her an adept in the theory of the soft passion. Mr. Filmer, the exciseman, began, Dellmore increased, but it was an honour reserved for Lieutenant Downes to compleat her practical knowledge.

## CHAPTER X.

### *More Improvements at Ether.*

MR. and Miss Franklin found the Orthodoxes as usual, in waiting; the Doctor's joy was unbounded; the history was recommenced with equal pleasure and avidity; this summer would conclude it; furnished with so good an excuse, he would dine at the manor every day; and as his wife and daughters would by that means be left to themselves, so it would also enable them to entertain their friends more in style; they were therefore equally pleased.

The Miss Orthodoxes, ambitious to outshine their neighbours, as they now continually

nually heard of the invitations their swains received to drink tea at most houses where there were young people, were eager to shew the superiority of their tastes as well as advantage of their fortune; the best china, wine, cards, and hot suppers, were now served up in the great parlour for the entertainment of Mrs. Hudson and the militia officers, to the exclusion of mead, old ale, Filmer, and the servants; the consequence of those refinements were, contracting of debts, grumbling of domestics, and constant fear on the part of Mrs. Oxthodox of discovery.

But although the anxiety of the poor woman far exceeded any pleasure she could have in the society of the quondam officers, they so effectually plied her with the flattery most acceptable to a fond mother, by finding out every visit fresh graces in her lovely daughters, she wanted resolution to retrench the new expences of her family, or to deprive her children of the pleasure of being told they were divine.

It was two months after Mr. Franklin's return before Henry followed him to Ether; he was a candidate for one of the prizes at the University, and having obtained it with general approbation, reached the manor the beginning of June.

The improvements in the village and at the Rectory, manifold as they were, did not equal those in the person and manners of Henry Dellmore. Mr. Franklin, though he had seen him within a few months, was astonished, and after folding him in the most affectionate manner to his heart, went himself to apprise Miss Franklin of his arrival; pleasure choked his utterance, fears filled his eyes, and the bright emanation of gratified benevolence beamed over his countenance; he took her hand; Come, sister, said he, as soon as he could articulate, come and receive the charming youth that the particular intervention of Providence has enabled us to preserve as a blessing to us, and an ornament to society.

The instant Henry beheld Miss Franklin he threw himself at her feet.

Not



Not a moment, Madam, has passed since I was honoured with your parting benediction without a grateful recollection of your goodness; my acquaintance with mankind, while it has expanded my heart, and added to my experience, doubles the weight of all my obligations to you, and renders me the more sensible of the invaluable blessings I derive from your friendship, your benevolence, and your compassion: a tear of grateful sensibility bedewed his cheek, as his voice sunk in the last sentence.

Dear Henry, cried the lady, 'tis we that are the obliged; you give us a pleasure, it is impossible you can receive; continue to deserve the favour of Heaven; after every absence, bring to us our amiable, our uncorrupted Dellmore, and you will amply repay, you will over-pay us. Miss Franklin, as she raised the fine youth to her embrace, mingled the tears of benevolence with those of gratitude, and even Mr. Orthodox acknowledged a little time had done much for the young man.

Dellmore

Dellmore asked how Mrs. Orthodox and the young ladies did, and after dinner would have stolen off to visit them, had Miss Franklin, as was her custom, left the room when the squire dropped asleep, but the company of her young friend was a temptation she could not resist; and, as Henry brought with him a most amiable character from Oxford, a manly courage, and undaunted mind, and, as moreover, the Doctor did not now fear him in the history, as all dread of rivalry in that point was past, he condescended to enter into conversation with him; in the course of which Miss Franklin was delighted to observe his improvements were not confined to his person and manners; he was blessed with a retentive memory, a graceful delivery, and his sentiments were those of virtue and honour; he was not *now* to be brow-beat out of his classical knowledge; and the beauties of the ancients came graced from his lips.

New pleasures and new enjoyments opened to the view of Miss Franklin in the  
society

society of this her young friend ; she retired with reluctance ; sleep forsook her pillow ; the intelligence sparkling from his eyes ; the mellifluous tone of his voice haunted her imagination ; and, in fine, truth, they say, will out ; the wise, the learned, the patriotic lady, of some four or five-and-forty, conceived a passion for a youth of twenty.

Oh ! woman, woman, must my pen record thy frailty ; is it for *me* to say how weak the wisest of us are, when passion conquers reason ? fortified with Hebrew, fenced with Greek, moated all round with Latin, enveloped in the glory of ancient heroism, lifted by Wisdom's stern tenets out of the ken of human error, how could it be ? No soft example, no sentimental novel, no loose, amorous story, nor lastly, no pressing lover ; how, how could it be ? Oh ! Philosophy, what have females to do with thee ? Learning is no barrier from folly, nor have we security in masculine attainments ; little Cupid in this case routed them all.

To the astonishment of Dr. Orthodox, again the history, though nearly concluded,

was neglected; again the classics lost their attraction; again the closet was deserted; Miss Franklin's visits there became shortened by degrees, till in a very small time they served only as excuses for the priest's dinner.

Nor was it in the lady's favour alone our hero was making such rapid progress. Mr. Franklin made no secret of his increasing affection, and fondly partial to him, himself was the last to suspect his sister's motives; nor did he wonder the charms of Henry's conversation should seduce *her* from the dry, insipid employment of writing a political history, when to *him* it was the most delightful and agreeable of all earthly things.

The next day, *Sunday*, brought Mrs. and the two Miss Orthodoxes, who always dined at the manor Sundays and Thursdays: the young ladies were much finer, though not quite so cleanly in their appearance as when he saw them before; they affected more ceremony, and were less embarrassed in their compliments; but the change was not to their advantage.

Lavinia



Lavinia had lost great part of her colour; she was a good deal thinner; and under the appearance of a flow of spirits, to a critical observer, there was a visible dejection in addressing Henry; she affected a gaiety her dejected eye disclaimed; but Lavinia had avowed eternal love for Henry; she had eighteen months back, when they parted, implored him to write to her, which he had promised to do, but which promise he had forgotten to perform. Young men have, in some cases, short memories; if Henry Dellmore had thought at all of Lavinia Orthodox, it was merely as an agreeable pretty girl, with whom he had spent some pleasant hours, and one who would be equally attentive to any other young man that happened to fall in her way. It is true, he had, *pour passer le temps*, said a few civil things to her; but his heart was as perfectly free, when he left Ether, as when Mr. Franklin brought him thither.

But the alteration in Lavinia's countenance, the anguish of heart he thought he could perceive under the gay deportment she

she assumed, and the soft tone of her voice when she addressed him, at once renewed in his memory all that had passed in their interviews; as he contemplated her pale cheeks, conscious of having broken the promise her fondness had drawn from him, of corresponding, and since totally neglected her, his conscience attributed to himself the faded beauty of a girl he had every reason to believe loved him; he had no eyes but for her, and was so very attentive, that Lavinia, who wanted not cunning, to her unspeakable joy, saw it was more than common politeness that dictated the assiduity with which he attended her. The satisfaction this observation gave her diffused a momentary cheerfulness over her countenance, highly flattering to Henry; but it was succeeded by a deadly pale, and down-cast eyes.

Henry, moved and interested at the various changes in her countenance, took the first opportunity of speaking without being overheard; and how, said he, is my dear

Lavinia;

Lavinia; will she, dare I ask, will she pardon my not writing?

Lavinia's eyes struck fire, at the hopes this speech gave her; she could not speak; a deep crimson overspread her face and neck, and an involuntary tear started into her eye.

Ah! thought Henry, it is too true, the sweet girl's health has been injured by my neglect: the idea of being of such consequence to her peace, gave her, in his eyes, charms he had never before discovered; her glances were too seducing to be resisted; she had a thousand things to say to him; they agreed on a private meeting, and had just time to fix the hour and place, before Miss Orthodox came up.

Well, Mr. Dellmore, said that young lady, you are returned at last; I should have recommended the willow to Lavy, if another lover had not offered.

Bless me, sister, cried Lavinia, again crimsoning, how can you talk so!

Never had Lavinia looked so lovely in the eyes of Henry; because never before did

did she blush so deeply. How beautiful is real modesty ; what a contrast between those sisters, thought he, as he left them to go to the card-table.

Mr. Orthodox had been carried home quite happy, and Mr. Franklin had retired full an hour, when Henry Dellmore descended the back-stairs with great caution, in order to proceed to the place of assignation. As he approached the Rectory, a light on the stair-case window, gave the agreed signal that all was right ; and our hero was let in, where poor Lavinia had been too often let out, at the parlour-window.

But what is become of Lieut. Downe ?

He is gone to London, on particular business. Lavinia wept, upbraided, vowed she had not known a moment's peace since she parted with all on earth worth living for. Henry was affected ; he soothed the fair mourner, acknowledged his fault, and received forgiveness on her lips, and — but I am here again forced to apostrophize — Oh, man, man ! what is thy pride, thy prerogative, thy boasted pre-eminence ? what is wisdom,



wisdom, strength of mind, undaunted courage, or intrepidity? What is the superiority you received from the Creator, the privilege and attainments with which, from partial custom, you are self-endowed, when a simple woman, weak among the weakest, can avenge the first injury, on the wisest among ye? and having once survived the anguish of seduction, can practise it on the most practised.—Poor Dellmore, whose heart, while it was free from a thought of guilt, and open to the impressions of tenderness, could not withstand the soul-subduing flattery; he mingled his tears with the fond Lavinia's; the tender, the insinuating Lavinia apprehended no danger while in the arms of Henry; and Henry thought not, till day-break, of the atrocious wickedness of ruining an innocent, who doated on him; and, when fear of discovery forced them to separate, he was not indeed loaded with *her* reproaches, but *his own* were sufficient.

He passed unseen to his chamber; where, for the first time, guilt banished sleep.

What

What had he done? it was not that a temporary irregularity, which custom teaches us to expect in young men, would have struck our hero so dreadfully on reflection; but he had taken the advantage of an excess of tenderness in a young innocent girl to ruin her, and entail misery on himself. Warm as he yet was with the transports of the past hour, and lovely as Lavinia Orthodox confessedly was, still he could not resolve to make her reparation by marriage; it was in vain to solicit sleep; his illicit commerce with Lavinia had murdered repose. Honour said, repair the injury thou hast offered to the woman who adores thee; and honour, he could not but confess, spoke reason; but a repugnance, for which he could not account, seized him at that instant; yet, to break Lavinia's heart, that dear girl, who a few moments before had melted in his arms; oh, it was impossible!

A violent head-ach succeeded the conflict, and he found himself unable to attend the breakfast-table.

III, did you say, cried Mr. Franklin, rising precipitately from the table, is Henry ill?

God forbid, said his sister, colouring and following him to Henry's chamber.

Asbamed of the kind attention he knew his indisposition did not merit, our hero would have made light of his head-ach, and returned with them to the breakfast-room; but, no, his eyes looked inflamed; he was feverish.

Doctor Gregory was sent for.

Nothing is so epidemic as the concern in a gentleman's family for any person, or animal, who happens to be indisposed, provided that person, or animal, happens likewise to be high in the favour of the master or mistress, or both.

Not a face at the manor but spoke in every feature concern for Mr. Dellmore's illness.

It was a surfeit, a cold, a fever, the small-pox, the measles; the whole catalogue of diseases was searched.

Doctor

Doctor Gregory could not precisely say *what* the patient ailed; but he recommended Dr. Last's method.

By dinner-time, before the medicines could have time to operate, for the best reason in the world, (because they had not been taken), Henry was in the dining-parlour, and was found to ail nothing, to the great joy of Mr. and Miss Franklin, and consequently the family at the manor: what the doctor said, is another thing.

They walked out in the afternoon, and passed the Rectory; the Doctor, who was with them, humbly invited them in: Miss Franklin did not chuse to accept the invitation: Henry's heart bounded; he rejoiced when they had passed by.

Next day, when Doctor Orthodox came to the manor, Dellmore could not enquire after the ladies; Miss Franklin never did; her brother by accident, and it was merely so, as they were no favourites of his, asked how Mrs. Orthodox and her daughters did?

They



They were very well, he said, all but Lavy, who, her mother feared, would go into a decline; she had quite lost her appetite, and had a sick stomach.

She should take an *emetic*, said Miss Franklin.

She has had several, answered he.

She should keep good hours, said Mr. Franklin.

She is in bed by ten, replied the Doctor. Humph, said Mr. Franklin.

Dellmore blushed.—Good God! thought he, does my benefactor already know the poor girl's imprudence? is he so soon acquainted with my villainy? He arose, and went hastily out of the room.

## CHAPTER XI,

*Proves the Author can write Billet Doux.*

AS Henry was crossing the gallery to his apartment, an old chamber-maid made him a curtsy, and put into his hand the following billet :

MY DEAR HENRI,

EVER sence i was transeptored with you i hav bene very hill, an my mama is very unesy; come an let me dy in your harms; do not fale to nite; I shal wate with the fondes impatiens til I meet peas in your bosum, so slo rowls the charet of day til Henri comes to his Lavinia.

Miss Lavinia had learnt to read, as the reader may perceive; and they also may perceive, she had made good use of her learning;—but *spelling* was another thing.

Again

Again remorse filled the whole soul of our hero. He would write to the poor girl, but how, in what terms could he address her? what language use to prevail on her to repent a crime *he* had taught her? how bid her forget it was her love for him that had rendered her criminal? but he must make the essay, otherwise, would she not be miserable as well as criminal? Alas! dear girl, thy seducer is both.

Opening his escritoire, which was not locked, on the writing-stand he saw another letter; it was well addressed, neatly folded, and sealed with a heart pierced by a dart. He instantly opened it, and read,

“YOU have been observed to pay particular attention to a pert ignorant girl, much beneath your notice, who visits here; you are advised to think better of yourself. If you are prudent, and can be truly grateful, a heart much more valuable, and a splendid fortune, wait your acceptance; be wise, and know your own interest; you may in that case possibly distinguish your friend.”

No great penetration was required to develop the writer of this friendly billet; it was apparently a disguised hand; but Miss Franklin's writing was not easily disguised; the great use she had constantly made of her pen, gave a freedom to her letters, very difficult to restrain. Henry immediately knew it; and the astonishment at its contents drove, for the present, all thoughts of Lavinia out of his head.

He loved Miss Franklin as a mother; he thought of her with the highest respect, veneration, and heart-felt gratitude; her learning and understanding, joined to a feeling heart and benevolent temper, placed her, in his ideas, almost above mortality; in defence of her person, or honour, Henry Dellmore would have freely died; but when, in consequence of her avowed sentiments expressed in the billet, that he yet held in his trembling hand, he considered her in the light of an enamoured woman, his heart recoiled, her amiable qualities changed into the most sickening deformity; nor could all his respect for Mr. Franklin prevent



vent his feeling the utmost disgust toward his sister.

Good God ! cried he, dare I trust my senses ? what a falling-off is here ! that woman, who I thought above the common frailties of human nature ; whose rigid wisdom would not allow for natural weakness ; who looked down on the folly of her fellow-creatures ; can she stoop to adopt the — Yet shall I call that a vice, that may be the misfortune of my benefactress ? — But may it not be designed to excite raillery at my expence ? may she, who is penetration itself, not have discovered a lurking vanity that I may not be sensible of myself in my disposition, and taken this method to punish, or cure me of a folly my own reason would condemn ? Happy to adopt this, or any other idea, but the one the billet spoke, he set himself about recollecting every instance of a playfulness of disposition (though, it must be confessed, his memory could furnish him with very few) he had observed in her ; and her good humour being more pleasing than her jests,

he at last amused himself with the hope he was not deceived.

But when the dinner-bell rang, and the family were assembled in the parlour, the first glance of Miss Franklin routed all his fine conclusions, and gave him an aching heart.

An alteration had taken place in her appearance, which was immediately observed by the Squire.

Miss Franklin was a lady who had hitherto been content with the decorations of her mind; she had valued herself only on her learning, understanding, and mental talents; the adorning her person had been no further the object of her attention than was consistent with cleanliness; and even that had been perhaps sometimes less considered than many people would have thought necessary; her caps were the taste of her Abigail, and those, as well as every other part of her dress, being of too little importance to interrupt the grand Oliverian system on which she was writing, were approved or disapproved only for the ease and convenience with which they were put on.

on. When a lady happens to be so very inattentive to dress, without an idea of sparing her purse, is an Abigail to blame for consulting, (as she is the lawful heir to all her lady's clothes,) not what will best become the person for whom they are made, but her who is to wear them out? Certainly, no; and Miss Franklin's woman was very clever at knowing what best pleased herself.

Miss Franklin *had* (we are very sorry the preterperfect tense should on this occasion be applicable to her) been a very fine woman; a matter she had never thought on before. She took a quantity of Scotch snuff; her nails were often suffered to have the black cornice, and her teeth were covered with scurvy; circumstances which contributed not a little to take from her natural charms: with being pleased, came the desire of pleasing; and the object of her favour being young, it was proper for her to assume a youthful appearance.

Mrs. Abigail was therefore summoned, and, to her astonishment, ordered to make, by dressing-time, an elegant half-dressed cap, as Miss Franklin would no longer disfigure herself by wearing such old-fashioned trumpery; the large morning-cap was therefore discarded with contempt, and her hair dressed to suit the new one; her teeth became, as they were very good, favoured objects; and her nails were no longer a disgrace to a handsome hand and arm; her neck would have been quite as attractive under cover, but Miss Franklin did not think so. Thus equipped, she entered the dining-parlour, armed for conquest, her *tout ensemble* ten years younger than the preceding day.

The gentlemen stared; the lady stole a tender glance at Dellmore, and took her seat with all the vivacity of eighteen.

What the devil is Mary at? said Mr. Franklin, in a half whisper.

The reign of wisdom is over, thought Orthodox.

Ah!



Ah! sighed Henry, it is no joke.

The good-humour, the sprightliness, the attention of the *maitresse d'hôtel* was perfectly new, and very conspicuous. She, whose lips opened not but to utter a sentence of wisdom, became the agreeable trifler, and she at least *entertained* the company.

Mr. Franklin was actually struck; surely, thought he, my sister does not drink cordials! In the midst of his conjectures, a letter was delivered from the post, which he apologized for opening; and his countenance, as he read it, drew his sister out of all her new-acquired gaiety, by the change it occasioned, her curiosity being excited with evident signs of surprise. He gave into her hands the following letter:

HON<sup>D</sup>. SIR,

I think it my duty to inform you, per first post, that on attending bankruptcy of Miller and Clark, first meeting, saw a note, received by them in course of business, from Messrs. Joseph and James Sabine, for 89l. signed by E. Napper, and endorsed

Clara Elton. Knowing the money you advanced to that party, when in town, could not help being surprised; made further enquiry; found 'twas not the only security Miss Elton signed; so got wife to ask among the women, how Mrs. Napper went on; sorry to say, don't think Miss Elton in safe hands; no girls at school fit to keep her company; all going to rack and ruin; go on with accounts as fast as possible. Wife and Betsy join in humble respects to Miss Franklin and self, with

your truly humble servant,

ANTHONY LEVISAGE.

The consternation this letter occasioned at Ether manor, was a proof of the interest the Franklins took in the welfare of the young Clara.

I will fetch her directly, said Mr. Franklin; and he ordered the chaise. Dellmore offered his attendance; but as Miss Franklin did not go, she did not chuse to be left alone, and therefore would not consent to his going; Mr. Franklin therefore set off by himself.

There

There now remained at Ether a trio, composed of a learned lady, in love with a young man; a grave divine, who loved nothing on earth but himself; and a young fellow, who had not the least ambition to be honoured with the confidence of either party. Nevertheless, Doctor Orthodox, who had never been tolerable company before, was now an acquisition to Dellmore; for the lady having no idea of any impropriety in the case, soon lost sight of all discretion; and as female delicacy made but a very faint struggle against unbridled inclination, she, who had been but a few days before the object of Dellmore's veneration and respect, became odious and hateful; her attempts at youth, and vivacity, only served to set forth to greater advantage the mature conduct she had formerly adopted; and, like Hamlet's picture, the present deformity served as a foil to past beauty.

The sound of her voice disgusted him; the tread of her foot had something disagreeable in it; and if, by any accident, she happened to touch him, he was all

over sensitive; his imagination sickened at the particular cast of her eye, and it was a severe penance to be in her company; he never failed, as he attended Mr. Orthodox to the door, to press his early visitation next morning, hinting how kind Miss Franklin would take it, as she was now in a manner alone; nor appeared at breakfast, till he heard the Doctor hobble across the hall.

He refrained going to the Rectory, notwithstanding billet after billet invited him; Sundays and Thursdays he had to encounter the eyes of Lavinia; the first shock he stood pretty well; but the second, when their languor and approaches appeared to more advantage, from a girl of nineteen, when contrasted with the very same look from a maiden between forty and fifty, wholly conquered him.

Dellmore would go to the Rectory, only to persuade Lavinia to acquiesce in the absolute necessity they were under to part. Lavinia could not, or would not, comprehend his arguments. Repeated interviews,

her



her extreme tenderness, and his grateful disposition, soon convinced him, he wanted resolution himself, to take a final adieu.

In this train were matters when the Squire returned to Ether, tired with his journey, disappointed in the object of it, out of humour with himself, and without his ward.

His presence at East Sheen was as unwelcome as it was unexpected; when he announced his errand, the rage of tragedy seized every heart; Mrs. Napper wrung her hands; Miss Napper went into hysterics, and Miss Jemima fainted quite away.

Clara threw herself at the feet of her guardian, said, she was perfectly sensible of the goodness of his motive, and the happiness that awaited her under the protection of his roof, but she hoped he would not just now separate her from a family to which her heart was united; with tears she implored him to let her continue that one year more with them.

And here, said Mr. Franklin, have I suffered myself to be fawned by the Nappers, and coaxed by Clara out of my consent

sent to let her stay, in contradiction to my own judgment and reason, without so much as mentioning the note, or hinting that I knew of the engagements they are drawing the young creature into.

Well, said Miss Franklin, you must, however, abide by your resolution, at the end of the year.

Yes, returned the merchant, but many, many things may take place within that year, disagreeable to me, and prejudicial to Clara; I am vexed with myself, for consenting to leave her behind.

Can't you retract, brother?

Pish, and so break my word. With the pish Mr. Franklin took his hat, and walked to the Buck's-head.

Ether manor was famous for friendship and hospitality; an air of unrestrained sincerity and open-hearted liberality was visible in every part of the house; the Squire did not abound in compliments, and his sister's intellects were above them; whoever came to Ether, was sure of the best cheer and an hearty welcome; but the com-

mon

mon form of visiting, the unmeaning parade of vying in dress and entertainment, the prostituting of time, meant for mutual cordiality, to the vile purpose of defaming a neighbourhood, to the stupid one of reflecting on government, or the beastly one of inebriety, were all detested by the Squire; and the few seats, within a dinner's reach of Ether, being occupied by people of more refined ideas, they seldom troubled the manor.—Dellmore, glad of any opportunity to escape the unremitting attention of Miss Franklin, often stole out before breakfast; and, as he knew where to meet his benefactor at eleven, generally joined him, and returned with him in time to dress for dinner; so that, on those occasions, the lady having nothing better to employ herself in, after the labours of the toilet, which were now become a matter of the greatest importance, went on, though very slowly, with her history.

## CHAPTER XII.

*A simple Story.*

ON one of the mornings on which our hero made his escape from love and an old woman, he had strolled through the village, and was going up a lane very little frequented, on account of its leading through a gloomy avenue to an old building, formerly belonging to a bishoprick, which the whole village said was haunted; it was now in ruins, the rooks still continued inhabitants of the deserted spot; but though there were yet many fine fruit-trees about it, not even for those would a being venture nearer than they could possibly help. The old trees that formed the avenue met, their branches unpruned and unattended to, grew in wild disorder, and the arch they made, entirely shut out the beams of the sun, and nearly the day-light; there had been a grand portico at the entrance



entrance from the village; but time had levelled one part, and the ivy totally covered the other.

Henry was deep in thought; he feared no supernatural spirit; the one raised by Cupid, in the bosom of Miss Franklin, was more terrible to him than any of those said to haunt the old palace.

A favourite spaniel following him, on a sudden barked, and ran to a little break in the wood, where two children were playing. Dellmore called the dog; but though he instantly obeyed the well-known voice of his master, the fright which had seized the children was so strong, that they continued screaming, nor could all Henry's efforts appease them, till taking a hand of each, he offered to lead them home, on which they were advancing up the avenue.

Where are you going, my dears? said he, surprised at their temerity.

*Home, to papa and mama.*

Dellmore was more surprised; *home, to papa and mama!* Why, where do you live?

Here,

Here, said the elder, turning a little out of the avenue. Dellmore abounded in the milk of human kindness; he followed to an old house, which had stood the depredation of time, and had formerly been a porter's lodge; it was newly thatched, and bore some appearance of inhabitants; on the threshold they were met by the tall thin young man I have before mentioned, as following the steps of Mr. Orthodox from church.

He respectfully thanked our hero for his kindness to the children, and, standing aside, asked him, if he would be pleased to walk in and rest himself?

This gentleman, who did the entire duty of the parish for Mr. Orthodox, while the Squire was in London, and every thing but the Sundays morning service the whole year, for which, out of a living of four hundred pounds per annum, he received thirty, had been but very lately suffered to live in the parish, as the Doctor did not chuse to burthen it with poor; the curate being in a weak state of health, he had, with some difficulty, overcome this important objection,

tion, as he found it impossible to walk, particularly in winter, three or four miles twice, perhaps three times a day; there was no alternative but quitting the curacy, or having a habitation nearer the church; the first Mr. Orthodox would have found inconvenient; he had in the course of thirty-seven years residence at the Rectory tried the patience of many very *humble labourers* in the church, but he had not yet met with one so truly bent by affliction, so bowed down with calamity, as the tall thin personage of whom we are speaking; he was therefore loth to part with him on whom he could exercise all the arrogance and tyranny of his nature, without apprehension from the pride or resentment natural to a well educated man, who was besides punctual and regular in the discharge of his duty.

The palace lands Mr. Orthodox rented, and the old lodge, in which his curate now resided, had been put into repair (that is, it barely kept out wind and water) by him,

in order to keep his deputy from the notice of Mr. Franklin, which was a thing easily effected, as the poor man had quite enough to employ him at home, when he could be spared from his parochial duty.

Henry found himself much interested for the welfare of a man who appeared in such deplorable circumstances, and yet, whose manners spoke his good-breeding; he accepted the invitation, and entered a room with bare walls, stone-floor, and mean furniture, but perfectly clean.

On an old wicker arm-chair by the fire-side, sat a woman about seven-and-twenty, with a boy of eight or nine years old on her lap; her pale and delicate looks would have moved our hero, had he not in addition to the wretched scene observed she was very big with child; the boy on her lap was visibly ill, and hardly sensible to the maternal tenderness with which she was endeavouring to get him to swallow some herb-tea: at sight of Dellmore, a slight blush overspread her cheek; her husband offered



to take the child from her arms to his own; and repeated to her the kindness of Dellmore to the younger children.

She made an effort to rise; it was an effort only; tears dropped from her face on that of the sick boy; sighs rent her bosom; she was obliged *to* the encircling arms of her husband for support, otherwise her attempt at good-breeding would have brought her to the ground.

From the moment Dellmore had been under the protection of Mr. Franklin he had been a stranger to distress; he abounded in money, which he cheerfully parted with on every application for charity; but warm in the sun-shine of prosperity, his youth and vivacity kept him from seeking objects of sorrow, and all such within the knowledge of Mr. Franklin, found a relief so timely, and essential, that he could have no chance of meeting them at Ether.

But though the generosity and goodness of his nature had remained inactive; the soft emanations of charity, the sweet glow of sympathy, every warm attraction of sensibility,

lity, still lived in his mind, and the tears of the curate's wife roused them into action. What his reflections were, when, after looking round the comfortless dwelling, his eyes met those of the grieving husband, bent in anguish on his weeping wife, whose tears continued flowing, would be difficult to tell; his purse was in her lap, and himself out of sight before the distressed pair could recover from the astonishment the suddenness of the act threw them into.

How came this family so long to escape the penetrating goodness of my benefactor? Who, or what can he possibly be? His address was gentleman-like, and polite. Ah! how little does Mr. Franklin think that such beings live, in a manner so deplorable, within two miles of the manor. I will certainly gratify his benevolent heart, by leading him to the poor habitation, where he will have an opportunity of administering to the relief of misery: these were the reflections, and this the resolution of Henry, as he recovered his breath, after escaping with as much haste from

from the thanks and acknowledgments of the poor curate and his wife, as he could have done, had Dr. Orthodox been advancing to the parlour-window at eleven the preceding night.

I have before informed my readers Squire Franklin, the title by which he was known in the village of Ether, was a man deservedly beloved and respected; he was the rewarder of merit, the harbinger of peace, the Israelite in whom there was no guile.

So much about with his tenants, so familiarly as he conversed with the meanest individuals, and, if we add the general desire that people who have lived in the great world, in business, have for society, in which they may unbend, and, in some degree, fill up by that means the vacuum inactivity leaves in the mind, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Franklin heard all the news of the place; indeed, he blended good humour and jocularly so judiciously with condescension, that every heart of the old and young in the neighbourhood was on their lips when they saw him, and  
he

he was well enough acquainted with all the love affairs of the village, to be able to greet the lads and lasses with anecdotes of their respective favourites : on an old brown seat, under a spreading oak, opposite the Buck's Head door, the good old banker spent some of the pleasantest hours of his life ; and often did he reward the loquacity of his old tenants and neighbours, by repeating to them little stories of his own juvenile days.

The manœuvres of Mr. Orthodox's family, with editions and additions, he was perfectly well acquainted with ; the fond folly of the mother, her imprudence, or extravagance, were no more concealed from him than the levity and coquettish turn of her daughters ; which, with their blameable encouragement of the gallantry of the militia officers, were, indeed, his reasons for not giving those gentlemen a general invitation to partake of his Sundays and Thursdays dinners, to which hitherto every stranger at Ether had been welcome ; *they* in particular who wore the ensign of honour,

would



would have been entitled to his particular respect. Mr. Franklin loved his sovereign as a prince; he venerated him almost to idolatry as a man; *there is*, he would say, one sight in the Metropolis of this kingdom, no other in the known world can boast, a royal and virtuous pair, who have the happiness of beholding a numerous offspring, among whom it would be difficult to distinguish either the most lovely or the most amiable! so infinitely do they excel in the mental and personal accomplishments! And the first public court-day after his arrival in London was sure to make a courtier of a man perhaps the least qualified to shine in a circle among all his Majesty's subjects: sweet creatures, lovely girls, fine young fellows, issued involuntarily from his lips, accompanied with a burst of loyal sensibility that thousands have felt, but cannot be expressed.

The cockade therefore, whether with the red coat or blue, when, in his estimation, worn by those whose blood would freely flow in the service and defence of these, his

emblems of perfection, as well as in protection of the liberty and commerce of the British nation, claimed his highest respect. The regiment being disbanded, and their services no longer wanting, would have been no bar to the reception of Captain Marsh and Lieutenant Downe at the manor, but their characters and their intrigues at the Rectory, were such as did not suit Mr. Franklin to countenance.

But however he disliked those gentlemen on report, and however ready the squire was to reward virtue, he had a certain indolence about him, and loved his ease too well to take on him the office of detecting vice.

Dr. Orthodox was, in Miss Franklin's opinion, infallible, but in her brother's he had many things to mend; his gluttony, his avarice, his tyranny, and his pride, were all seen, although from a complaisant indulgence to his sister, they were borne with; he knew Mrs. Orthodox, under the absolute dominion of such a husband, had many things to bear; and his presence must, he

was

was sure, be a continual torture to his family; it was therefore likewise in compassion to her that he forbore mentioning, either in his own family, or out of it, his sentiments of what he heard, or concerned himself how the Miss Orthodoxes disposed of themselves. With respect to Henry, as his nocturnal excursions were hitherto known only to those who were interested in concealing them, namely, himself and Lavinia, they were not, while that was the case, so liable to discovery as are many secrets intrusted under strict oaths and obligations to *friends*.

But it will be asked, among the other transactions of Ether, how it happened that the poor curate and his family were unknown to Mr. Franklin.

The answer is short,

To feed a beloved wife and her infants, Mr. Cadogan would have stooped lower if possible than the haughty Orthodox required; but he was under no such obligation to the parishioners, whose dislike of their Rector was always extended to his

substitute.—Though very poor, the Curate had a natural pride about him.—His piety, abilities, and good-nature, were known to his neighbours;—his anguish, affliction, and poverty, only to himself. He was, moreover, but lately admitted to reside in the parish, and, as it was not likely, though true, that, so much as the Rector was at the manor, he should be entirely silent about a person who took all the care that was taken of the souls of his flock, it had so happened, that Mr. Franklin had never heard the name of Cadogan.

Henry, when he reached his apartment, threw himself into a chair, ruminating on his situation, both with respect to Lavinia and Miss Franklin: the latter, whose passion it was plain to see could ill brook his extreme stupidity, he expected every moment would burst in thunder on his head. To favour her wishes was impossible. What! marry a woman old enough to be his mother! Plight his vows at the altar, in opposi-

tion



tion to inclination and principle! Sell his faith for riches! His soul disdained the thought.

On the other hand, it was easy to foresee that her pride would be stimulated to resent a refusal from one so dependent on the family; and her influence over her brother was a circumstance universally known; his heart sunk when he conceived it possible that his benefactor might be prejudiced against him, so that his prospects on that account were enough to disturb him; but embarrassed as he was about Miss Franklin, he was still more so when his thoughts reverted to Lavinia; *there* he was *self*-condemned; his conscience upbraided him with the ruin of an innocent, who adored him, and his inward reproaches were the more severe, as he was conscious that while he indulged in the excess of youthful passion, and continued a connection which his heart condemned, he felt no real affection for the object who had sacrificed so much for him. He could not esteem or respect Lavinia Orthodox, but he could from his soul pity her. It was death

to him to reflect on the situation to which her love for him had reduced her. He considered himself as the cause of her fall, and trembled at the consequence, more, a thousand times, for her sake than his own. Bewildered in his ideas, and shocked at the dilemma his imprudence had brought him into,—Oh! said he, that Heaven had blessed my orphan state with one true friend, to whom I might unbosom my cares, who would compassionate juvenile indiscretions, and on whose disinterested advice I might rely. His prayer was instantly heard.

Matthew Hudson, son to Mrs. Hudson, of the Buck's Head, we have informed our reader, was a domestic in Mr. Franklin's family when Dellmore was at the manor: Mat was his particular attendant, and had, as his mother said, taken a vast liking to the young squire; he now rapped at the door to let Henry know that Parson Cadogan wanted to speak to his honour.

Guilt is a terrible foe to true courage. The name of a parson gave our hero a shivering

vering fit; he knew but one parson in that part of the world; him he had irreparably injured.——And who, asked he, trembling, is Parson Cadogan? not doubting but the Rector had discovered the new entrance into his house, and that this gentleman of the same profession was come to denounce vengeance, or demand reparation.

Why, Sir, don't you know he, replied Mat, 'tis our curate.

So, thought Henry; then all must out. He ordered Mat to shew the gentleman up.

To his agreeable surprize, the tall, thin, pale person, whose house he so recently left, entered.

Dellmore's apprehensions vanishing at sight of his visitor, he received him with a respectful politeness; and Matthew having set a chair, withdrew.

Sir, said the Curate, after a few moments silence, taking out the purse our hero had left at his house, when the noble charity of your heart dictated the use to which you put this money, you was deceived by appearances; the tears, the sorrow of the best of

women, that you supposed were excited by want, alas ! Sir, they flowed from maternal tenderness; the child you saw on her lap is dying—He paused—Excuse, Sir, a parent's weakness. The tears he dropped wanted no apology—He continued—

Medicine, nor all the world's wealth, can restore our boy; he is her first-born. In the splendour of a court, with the riches of the East, Mrs. Cadogan would have felt the same grief for her child, as in the poor habitation in which you beheld her—

I could not suffer the generosity of so young a donor, pardon me, Sir, to be misapplied.

I should have sunk under the reproaches of my own heart had I kept your money. Permit me, Sir, to return it. While I admire—I revere—the noble principles by which you was actuated. It is too heavy; and—forcing a faint smile—feels too respectably, to be parted with, at once, to strangers, whose claims are at best—but doubtful.

Dellmore, with a mortified countenance, retreated from the offered purse.

The



The Curate, with a determined, though respectful, look, followed. Indeed, Sir, I cannot accept your gift; it is not the smallest of my afflictions that my miserable appearance should have extorted from so benevolent—so young a heart—a gift I must refuse—You do not *know* me, Sir. The last part of the sentence emphatically delivered, from a man whose whole person, figure, and family, exhibited signs of the most acute distress, affected our hero so much, that he could not immediately speak; but he resolutely declined receiving back the money, and when his feelings would suffer him to articulate,——

Yes, cried he, I do know you, and you must forgive my saying, it is my knowledge of you that renders me thus averse to receive from your hands what apparent distress claimed when I did *not* know you.

Sir, answered the Curate, I have explained to you the cause of the tears.

Yes, interrupted Henry, but you have not said that it was your easy circumstances which made that forlorn hut the residence of a divine.

It is not your affluence that obliges your amiable wife, in her situation, to apply herself to the labour of nursing, as well as the grief of watching her dying child; or that exposed the tender delicate feet of those pretty creatures who led me to your habitation, to the wounds of the flints over which they trod.

Go, Sir, go, return to your family; you believe, from my youth, and dependent state, my purse is too respectable to be my own absolute gift. Ah! Sir, how is it, *you* have been concealed from *my* generous benefactor? If it adds to your comforts; if it alleviates the distress of your worthy partner; if it enables you to relieve her from the labour that she is ill able to encounter, it will be respectable in my estimation also. It is *your* misfortune, Sir, that you do not know Mr. Franklin; if you did—But you shall know him; I will this moment introduce you: and he was hastily rising to go to him.

The Curate, by a respectful motion of his hand, detained him; he sat in speechless admiration;

admiration; the big tear rolled down his pallid cheek; his looks went to the soul of Henry, who, in compassion to the violent agitations visible in his countenance, was defeated.

Not now—not now—I want, Sir—I want powers to say, to tell you—Again he was silent;—but another moment restored the placidity of his countenance.

I want power to tell you, said he, in a more composed tone of voice, how, independent, Heaven knows, of my own situation, I rejoice to see a young, so an amiable pattern of goodness, in an age when it is so rare, that a despairing mind is led to doubt its existence; but *that*, God be praised, is not my case.

I cannot take your money, Sir, however generous the source from which you receive it; it is too much to bestow on such an equivocal claim as mine.

I am not destitute of bread. Scanty as my pittance is, it feeds my family, and that is, comparatively, an unspeakable blessing; but, to convince you, my declining to ac-

cept your benevolent offer proceeds not from unseasonable pride or unthankfulness of heart, I will take from you five guineas, which will procure a nurse for my wife and child, and enable me to support her with comfort till my half-year's stipend becomes due. No more, Sir, as I am a man. Take your purse or not, said he, laying it down, with a determined voice.

Henry, astonished, charmed, and affected at such an instance of strict probity—in a man so destitute of every comfort of life—counted out the five pieces, with which the Curate, unable to speak, retired; and our hero obeyed the summons of the dinner-bell.

The sight of Dr. Orthodox, his round face, and sleek countenance, his corpulent body, the sound of his hollow, loud, priestly voice, his consequential air, and haughty deportment, compared with the fallow, grief-worn face, the emaciated person, the ill-clad figure, the humble, sensible, resigned look; and gentle voice of the poor Curate, furnished Henry's ideas with a contrast.

Good



Good God! thought he, how unequal are thy dispensations! but another moment a single recollection reconciled him to the equal love, the wisdom of that Being, whose partiality he had just arraigned. Poor Cadogan's honour was not wounded by the conduct of his daughter. *He* had no parlour-window.

The next morning Henry tempted Mr. Franklin to a stroll among the spirits; and, as they were passing the break in the gloomy avenue that led to Cadogan's hut, invited him to a feast.

What! cried Mr. Franklin, smiling, with the dead priests?

No, Sir, answered Henry, smiling in his turn, and pointing to the door, with a living one. As soon as the squire entered, Henry left him, and took the path to the village.

What passed at the Curate's, or how Mrs. Cadogan contrived it, for her husband was not at home, never transpired; but certain it is, from that day forward things wore a different aspect in the family; it is true; they were not invited guests to Ether manor,

manor, but this they had less reason to regret, as by a bounty, it could not be wrong to accept, they were enabled to take a better house, and hire a maid; and the whole family of the Cadogans experienced a luxury long denied them — *good shoes and stockings*. Kitchen physic did wonders for the sick boy; and Mrs. Cadogan became a joyful mother of her fourth child in ease and plenty.

Mr. Franklin met our hero on his return from the palace-avenue; he rested his left-hand most affectionately on his shoulder, while with his right, he put into Henry's a small pocket-book, containing bank-bills.

Henry, said the good old man, in a broken voice.

Sir, answered Henry.

Place those sums to interest; and, squeezing his hand, passed to the library.

Singular as was this command, Dellmore perfectly understood it; he saw the feast to which he had invited his patron was highly grateful to him; and the bills were intended, he thought, for the Curate.

The

The moment he could rise from table he hastened to discharge his commission.

But, thanks, prayers, and blessings, were all the language of the now happy family, while they utterly refused to accept a single guinea from him: they were, they said, amply provided for. Dear blessed young man, said Mrs. Cadogan, in a transport of joy, how shall I refrain idolizing thee? Her husband, who rejoiced at the change in his circumstances, more, far more, for his wife, than himself, while he looked alternately on her, his children, and Dellmore, audibly sobbed. The scene was too affecting. Henry hastened to quit it.

This man, said he, looks a saint on earth; he is much fitter to succeed Mr. Orthodox in this living than me. After all, I am afraid I shall make but a sorry figure in the pulpit. He was at that instant passing the Rectory.

The eye of Lavinia caught him: it was an eye, a perfect Widow Wadman's eye. Toby Shandy had not a more guileless heart than Henry Dellmore. He took off his hat, and pursued his walk.

Poor

Poor Lavinia, I have not seen her this week; no, I certainly am not fit to take orders. How could I enter that house as Rector of the parish, with the guilt on my mind of having there seduced an innocent daughter?

He looked back; the melting eye of Lavinia followed his steps. If I marry her, shall I not—but I cannot marry her.

Cadogan and his meek-looking wife would fill that house much more to the honour of God and man than Henry and Lavinia.

Again he turned to the Rectory; again he saw Lavinia.

Certainly I will go this evening, this one evening, said the repentant sinner. I will see Lavinia.

In a few days after Mr. Franklin sent into Henry's room a sealed packet; the narrative it contained determined him not to take orders; and, as I should be sorry that my readers should suspect our hero of taking a resolution without some sort of reasons, such as they are, I present them in the following

CHAP-



CHAPTER XIII.

*Continuation of the simple Story.*

James Cadogan, Curate of Ether, to Benjamin Franklin, Esq; of Ether Manor.

S I R,

THE goodness, the charity, and beneficence, that adorn your character, the high and invaluable blessing you receive from the Almighty, in the power he gives you of diffusing happiness to the distressed, of making the sad heart glad, are, I am confident, an endless source of joy to such a mind as yours. Faint is the satisfaction you can feel from the approbation of the multitude, on comparison of that of your own heart. Best of men, I will not intrude on you my thanks, or repeat those of my dear partners. Weak and inadequate would be my utmost efforts to paint your generosity or our gratitude.

I saw

I saw in your looks, as you passed the house, which is the monument of your virtue, that in the happy countenances of my wife and children, furrounding in peace and health, the table covered by your charity, you felt your reward. I saw, Sir, in the humid lustre of your eye, the triumph of your benevolence, and I prayed—I could only pray—that such ecstasy and such reflections might follow every act of your life.

But I owe you, Sir, another pleasure, in knowing that those favours are not wholly misapplied—The object of your bounty is the sixth son of Sir Thomas Cadogan, of Lee-hall, Shropshire; my father succeeded to an ancient title, and an involved estate; his very large family (we are thirteen brothers and sisters now living) rendered it necessary that the males should all be educated in a way that would enable them to procure a livelihood; my second brother was brought up to the church, the advowson of the parish where we were born being my father's, so that it was against his judgment I embraced the same profession. My  
choice

choice led me to take orders, although I knew I could not, from the above circumstance, expect the interest of my family to gain preferment.

A distant relation of my mother, lady Egerton, who lived on the borders of Somersetshire, loved me for my serious turn; and the jealousy of my brother, who could not persuade himself but that my interest would clash with his, induced me to accept her invitation, to spend the vacations from college at her house; *there* I saw Miss Marsh, of Beeston Grove, in this parish, who attended lady Egerton in quality of companion.

Her ladyship unfortunately died without making a will, which she had promised should put me in possession of her personals; and, in a manner estranged from my nearer relatives, I saw myself almost friendless; I returned to College with an aching heart, for to my other misfortunes was added that of a sincere and ardent attachment to a young woman, whose least attraction was her beauty.

beauty, and that, in my fond eye, was irresistible.

I was now obliged to apply to my father, who sent me a small remittance, and advised me to look out for a curacy, and endeavour to make my fortune in the way of marriage; it being, he said, from time immemorial, the constant practice of poor clergymen, to kill the fattest sheep in the flock for themselves. I soon procured the former, but my heart rejected the latter part of his advice; my soul was in the possession of my Eliza, who accepted my offered hand, with the dreary prospect before her of a life of care, and a very narrow income. This step furnished my family with an excuse to renounce me; nor have my bitter misfortunes been able to move my father to relieve or pity them.

My wife had been left, by her father, five hundred pounds, which were in the hands of her brother, whose extravagance put it out of his power to pay her little fortune; but he said, he very soon would, as  
he



he was on the point of mortgaging part of his estate. We therefore took up furniture on credit, began house-keeping, and contracted unavoidable debts; our family encreasing, while we were amused by the promises of Mr. Marsh, and the expected mortgage, my curacy enabled me to keep up my payments for family necessaries, but the furniture was yet unpaid for; and after three years patience and forbearance, I was given to understand, that the person who trusted me could no longer wait for his money. I came here to Beeston Grove, hoping to receive at least a moiety of my wife's fortune, when I found, to my unspeakable grief and disappointment, that Mr. Marsh had run out his whole property, that he had a commission in the militia, which was all his dependance, and that my wife and her sister would, in all likelihood, lose every shilling of their little fortunes. To threaten was idle; to remonstrate vain; I returned sorrowing home, and revealed to my creditor my situation; he was so good as to take back the furniture, and  
we

we were obliged to hire a furnished apartment. The income of my cure now became, with such a deduction as the increase of my rent, too scanty for the subsistence of my family; our distress was hourly increasing; want and misery were our only prospects.

At this period the late war commenced; we lived in a sea-port town; and my distress being made known to the commander in chief, he procured me a chaplain's warrant for a ship, then under orders to the West Indies; my Eliza implored me not to leave her; but could I stay to see her want common necessaries? Hard was the trial; yet the anguish of seeing my wife and children starving, was too great to suffer me to hesitate. A few trifling presents, from some of my charitable congregation, enabled Mrs. Cadogan to move, with our three children, into a cheap part of Yorkshire, where a lady recommended them to board; and with a heavy heart I embarked. The ship I was appointed to was sent out to be commanded by a young officer, who had distinguished

guished himself by his bravery and conduct; with him I continued six years, distinguished by the friendship and favour of one of the best officers in the whole navy of England.

About that period a young nobleman, whose health was injured by his long residence abroad, had permission to return to England. I was honoured with his particular friendship, and he applied to my captain to make an exchange of chaplains, which he, considering the offer to be for my advantage, consented to. We set sail, and I had the misfortune to lose my patron, within three weeks after we left the West Indies. He died in my arms, having generously bequeathed me every thing that was his property on board the ship.

You must well remember the calamitous accidents that beset our navy in the last year of the war; our ship was one of those that was lost; my all was unfortunately embarked in her; not only the bequest of my deceased friend, but my hard savings  
and

and earnings, in a climate which ruined my constitution, and from which I was doomed to return a beggar. After existing three days in the most tremendous storm that ever was known, every man on board, from the captain to the fore-mast men, being exhausted by the fatigue of constantly keeping all the pumps going, and the natural terror of dissolution, we were providentially preserved, in the instant the ship was sinking, by some merchantmen, who had sailed under our convoy, but who had parted company in the storm.

I will not say, in the moment of our deliverance, when I saw the ship I had so recently left, go to the bottom, I did not feel a thankful joy that I yet existed; but when I considered that I was now on my passage home; that I was returning to my wife and children in a state of absolute wretchedness, and poorer than when I left them; that the little wealth I had fondly hoarded for my Eliza, was all irrevocably lost, (ungrateful to the mercy that preserved me)

I wished



I wished to have perished with them, rather than return to my dear girl a hapless beggar.

We had not outlived this dreadful storm three days, when, to compleat our miseries, we were captured by the Spaniards, and carried into Cales; my watch, buckles, and whatever trifles I could carry about me from the wreck, together with twenty guineas in money, were, contrary to the practice of kings ships, taken from me; and I was sent among my countrymen to a prison there.

The accumulated hardships of imprisonment, and ill health contracted in the West Indies, and increased by my continual labour, in common with other gentlemen, at the pump of our sinking vessel, brought me to the verge of that eternity I longed most fervently to enter upon. By the favour of some humane gentlemen, I was among the first who were in the exchange of prisoners, and returned to my native, but dreaded, shore, with a diseased body, and broken spirit.

Almost the first person I saw, after landing, was the gallant commander, with whom I had so long officiated; his soul was the seat of true bravery, and there compassion ever dwells; he was shocked at the ravage that sickness and misfortune had made in my person and circumstances; he promised to interest himself in my behalf; he said, he was appointed to command a fine new ship, then on the stocks; that he had been promised, by the first lord, he should name his own officers; that, as in his long services he had been able to promote most of his followers, he should make a point of naming *me*, and *me* only; he was now going to London, whither he advised me to follow him.

Ill able to travel, I nevertheless set out as soon as I could sit upright, and deferred taking my Eliza to my fond, my anxious heart, or apprizing her of my return, in the hope, vain, vain hope, of seeing her with power to make her life easy as well as happy.

My

My captain kept his word; he made instant application on my behalf; but peace was in view, and brave men decreased in value; a change in the Admiralty had also taken place, and he was now given to understand, that all his people must be named by the board. Nevertheless, the chaplainship being yet open, I drew up, by his desire, a memorial, setting forth the time I had served, the hardships I had undergone, my ill health, and miserable situation. Ah! Sir, how little do those in power consider the memorials and petitions they daily throw by as waste paper; some of them unperused, are often of more importance to the wretched writers, than their existence; that this was the fate of mine, I am willing to hope, for the honour of humanity, since, though my friend continued to press my appointment with the utmost warmth and solicitude, I found, after waiting till my last guinea was changed, and my illness increased by the anxiety of my mind, a man, who was at the time in possession of two church livings, had gotten what I had

L 2

been

been anxiously waiting for six months; the Captain was hurt, both on my account and his own. You see, said he resentfully, I have no interest; but my friendship and good wishes are yours; he then presented me with ten guineas, and left me.

With that sum I now resolved, ill as I found myself, to travel to my Eliza; I shall at least, said I, die in her arms; but lest the sight of me, in my present deplorable condition, should fatally alarm her, I wrote to the place where she and my children boarded, to apprize the dear woman of my arrival and situation: but alas! I was unable to follow my letter: a fever seized my brain, and I recovered not to a sense of my extreme misery, for twenty-three days. How it was possible, for my weak frame, to resist the violence of the disorder so long, God only knows: doubtless I was preserved, among many others, to bless his mercy, through the goodness of his favoured servant.

The first object I beheld on recovering my senses was my Eliza. Can my grateful



ful heart ever forget her transports, when my senses returned? could they have been greater, had wealth and honour been the lot of her poor unhappy husband? Oh! no, no.—Her impatience at my delay beyond the time appointed in my letter, and her anxiety on account of my ill health, which I had slightly hinted, brought her at all risks to preserve my life, to administer comfort to her hapless husband, in the hands of strangers. At a small lodging-house, in the skirts of the town, my faithful wife found me, without sense of my situation, and less of the little property I had about me. The people of the house delivered my account, as well as what money I had when I lost my senses; when those were discharged, the nurse and apothecary, and all other incidental expences paid, the ten guineas, presented by my generous captain, were reduced to one. To defray the expence of her journey up, my Eliza had parted with some of her best clothes; and she had, in dread of the worst, brought with her all her few valuables;

those you may suppose, Sir, from our antecedent distress, were trifling.

My recovery was slow and doubtful; if I had been able to get a church cure in London, I was incapable of performing the duty; the sadness of my prospects, the dreadful situation of my family, and the grief of my wife, all contributed to retard the return of my strength; my poor girl sold her things to support us, and we were reduced to our last shilling, when the landlady, whose heart would have done honour to a higher station, brought up the Newspaper, with an advertisement for a person in orders to serve a church, at a great distance from London.

Mrs. Cadogan was in raptures. Now, my dear James, said she, if we are so fortunate as to obtain this, you will regain your health, and I shall be the happiest of women. With hope in her countenance, she left me to enquire into the particulars, and soon returned, rather less elated, but still cheerful. The advertisement was from Doctor Orthodox; and the idea of return-  
ing

ing to her native vale, in such narrow circumstances, a little damped the joy of my Eliza; but as she had been so many years out of the neighbourhood, Lady Egerton having taken her at the age of fourteen, we flattered ourselves, she might not be recognized by any of her old acquaintances, more especially as it was expressly conditioned, we should not reside in the parish.

I wrote to the Doctor, informing him of my ill state of health; to that, blessed be the works of Almighty God, he did not object, provided I could do the duty, which he said was very little. I did not find it exactly so; but as he was so good as to dispense with my agreement, to live out of the parish, when I found it impossible, particularly in winter, otherways to attend on the various duties of my function, I do not complain.

But I must not omit telling you, Sir, how it pleased God to assist me in my journey hither.

When every point was fixed and agreed to between the Rector's agent and myself,  
the

the difficulty then was, how to get my family together, and convey them to Ether: my children were left in Yorkshire, where twelve pounds was due for their board; the few things my Eliza had left behind, were insufficient to discharge this debt; and she vowed, no consideration should ever more part us. I had not a shilling in the world: I wrote in that deep distress to my father: by return of post a letter came from Shropshire: neither Eliza or myself had tasted any thing but bread, and the cheapest tea we could buy, which, as we had boiling water in the house, we drank without sugar or milk. The letter was a double one, and the postage came to eight pence.

The mistress of the house where we lodged knew we were poor, but had no suspicion we were starving; she repeatedly called for the eight pence. Alas! we had not a halfpenny. My wife, with the crimson dye over her pale cheeks, hesitatingly confessed we had no money, and begged to borrow what would pay for the letter.



No money, my dear! said the good creature, why, how do you live? She dismissed the postman, and followed my wife into our apartment, where, it being then about three o'clock, stood our dinner, viz. a tea-pot with weak bohea tea, and some dry bits of bread; she looked on each alternately, and taking the hand of my Eliza, Mrs. Cadogan, cried she, you shall board with me, while you stay—you shall—I insist upon it, and you shall begin this very day, this moment. My wife but how can I describe the scene? how do justice to the humanity of this poor woman?—I had my letter yet unopened in my hand:—I fondly flattered myself, its contents would prevent the obligations the worthy creature wished to lay on us:—with trembling eagerness I broke the seal.—Oh, Sir,—it was a blank cover, with my own letter returned; God forgive my reflections at that cruel moment. In the poignancy of my feelings I forgot the stroke came from a father I had disobeyed. Urged by necessity, and invited by kindness, we accepted the offer of our charitable

ritable landlady; and though I knew my noble Captain was too generous to be rich, yet having no other alternative, I resolved once more to apply to him.

After a week's enquiry regularly every morning at his lodgings, which I was obliged to make myself, with a letter ready written in my pocket, without once meeting him at home, and as I was returning dejected from his door, I saw him crossing the street. My joy had then nearly deprived me of the opportunity chance favoured me with; I staggered through weakness and confusion, and with the low obeisance of misery, gave him my letter.

So much was I altered from bad to worse, in the little time that was elapsed since I had seen him, that he did not at first know me, and was putting the letter in his pocket; I humbly followed his steps; he turned round. Does the letter require an answer, friend? He opened it.—My God! Cadogan, is that—I must lay down my pen.

In

In that moment an elegant vis-a-vis drew up a lady, beautiful beyond description, bright in the dazzling charms of innocence and honour—It was a woman—Angels do not ride in gilded cars—called to my Captain, with a sweet, but modest familiarity, in the gaiety of a youthful heart, unbent by calamity, You dine with us to-day, Captain.—You do me great honour, Madam, answered he, but I have an engagement.

I will not be refused; and snatching my letter, which he had open in his hand, Come, I know this is an important matter, by your grave face. I will not restore it till you promise.

Be pleased to read it, said he, with a sudden quickness.

Will you come?

If your Grace will read the letter—Heavenly creature! she complied.

The bloom in her cheeks disappeared; the tear of sympathetic charity filled her eye. Oh! Lord, Captain, cried she, what upon earth shall I do? I have been out shopping this morning, and spent all my money; I have

have only my card purse. Where is the poor man?

He pointed to where I stood; she looked at me a moment, then beckoning, the tears streaming down her lovely face: You, indeed, look ill, Sir, said she, dropping her purse into my hat.

My generous Captain engaged to follow her, and then congratulated me on my accidental good fortune. I am very poor, said he, myself, and could not have essentially assisted you; leave your address at my lodgings, and rest assured I will remember you.

The purse contained thirty-nine guineas; it paid our humane landlady, enabled us to fetch our children, and set us down where the angel of peace found us. Pardon, Sir, the prolixity of this letter, and accept of the utmost wishes that gratitude and respect can inspire in the heart of man, from,

S I R,

Your most grateful, obliged, and ever devoted humble servant,

JAMES CADOGAN.